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# Canadian Churchman

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ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. 26 ]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1900.

[No. 47

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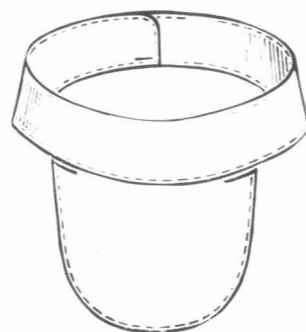
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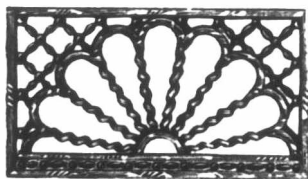
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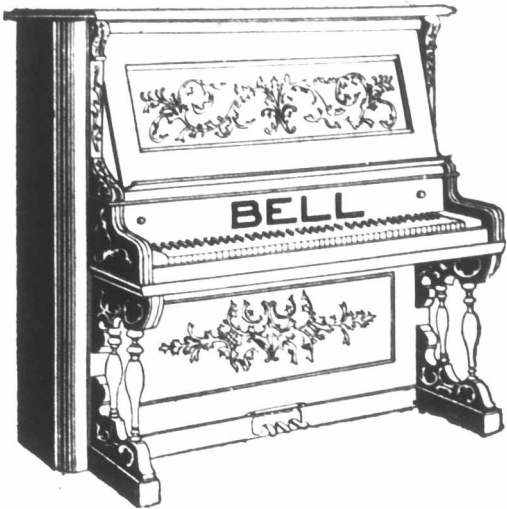


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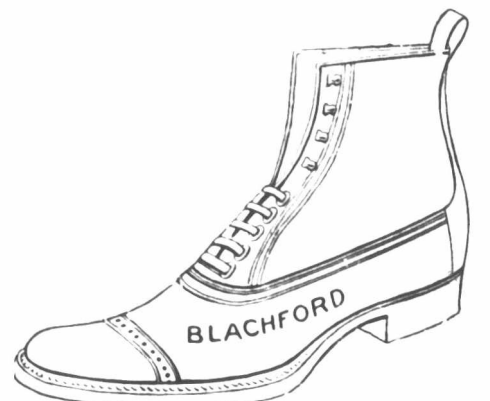
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Processional: 7, 217, 226, 268.  
Offertory: 49, 53, 288, 362.  
Children's Hymns: 197, 330, 345, 346.  
General Hymns: 12, 54, 203, 463.

## THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Lux Mundi.

It is recorded of a great philosopher and poet, that, as he lay dying, while the sun of his life was going down, and his eyes were growing dim with the coming darkness, he exclaimed: "Light! more light," "Light! more light"—it is the cry of many hearts to whom the mysteries "of all this unintelligible world" are wrapped in impenetrable gloom. "Light! more light," cries one who looks out upon the misery of earth, its unrelieved injustice, its glaring inequalities. "Light! more light," demands another, as he thinks of the mystery of life, its doubts and questionings, its hopes and fears, its old, old problems and perplexities. "Why am I here at all? What am I to do here? What is the meaning of all the disconnected fragments of purpose, all the loose ends of half-achieve-

ment? What will give them coherence, or weave them into a fair and articulate pattern? What is the end to be?" "Light! more light," exclaims a third, whose conscience is touched to the quick, as he realizes that that which he had thought of as merely evil is actually sin, rebellion against the all-holy will of an all-loving Father! "How can I find the path which will lead me to a way of escape from the haunting sense of its guilt, and from the awful power which it wields over me?" "Light! more light," weeps another, as the grave shuts out the sight of a face that never failed to beam with love's response to love.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;  
Thou madest man—he knows not why;  
He thinks he was not made to die;  
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just."

"Light! more light," echo untold millions of voices, as men peer into the unfathomable darkness of the mystery of evil, the mystery of the irredeemable, unalterable past, the mystery of life, that surrounds them on every side in the present, the mystery of death and the awful, unknown, future. And the Light that they long for has dawned; it came when the Angel of the Lord stood by the watching shepherds in the fields at Bethlehem, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and He bade them fear not, for He brought them good tidings of great joy; for there was born that day a Saviour, which was Christ the Lord." In the Christmas message of a Saviour's birth, and peace upon earth, is the promise of the Light of the world; the Light Who shows the way to pardon and to peace, Who illumines the choice of self-sacrifice and self-surrender in preference to self-pleasing, Who guides through the tangled and inextricable labyrinth of life, and sheds His rays upon the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great Light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the Light shined.

## CHRISTMAS AS THE FESTIVAL OF HOME.

Among the numerous mistakes made by the Puritans in the Cromwellian period, was the unsuccessful effort made to abolish the observance of Christmas in the homes in England. The error has been perpetuated by each generation of their successors, even to this day, with the same result. Last month an evangelist, hailing from the Moody Institute for Bible study, who is working in Chicago, blew a Puritanical blast against the most popular of all festivals of the Catholic Church, whose fulminations elicited protests from even the secular press. One paper, not at all "churchy," told the scoffer against Christmas that centuries after he and his teachings were in oblivion there would be rejoicings in Christian homes over the nativ-

ity and its teachings, influences and memories. One of the earliest allusions to the season in English literature, written prior to Chaucer, reads:

"Now see ye qui and for quas sake,  
Christ com til us our kind to take;  
And feles our hearte in charite."

Though good English of the time, these lines will be more generally understood, if we modernize them:

"Now see ye why and for whose sake,  
Christ came to us our nature to take,  
And fill our hearts with charity."

The last line gives the keynote of Christmas. The word, "charity," discovers the source of its inextinguishable fascination, as the Festival of Home; as it is the Festival of Love, which is the source of the deepest happiness, the intensest joy which humanity is capable of experiencing, whether in cot or palace, whether in the years of infancy or old age. The famous Latin dramatist wrote: "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto," I am a man, and to naught affecting men am I indifferent. So of Christmas, it is so essentially a human institution, that it can enter into the life of every human being, and bless that life with human sympathy, in which He shares, and He manifests, Who, on that day, "came our nature to take." Whenever the Cross is raised to draw men to the Crucified, there are rejoicings over the Festival of the Incarnated. Some morbid, ascetic Christians there be, who, though claiming to be Protestant, "are living representatives of cloister, cowl, and convent;" they remain voiceless when Christendom is joyously saluting the happy morn whereon our Saviour Christ was born. The day of thanksgiving and charity they spend in gloom or money-getting. They will feast and rejoice on their own birthday, but will not join the Christian family in celebrating the natal day of Jesus, Who is its Saviour and its Head. Happily, this puritanic narrowness is giving way to more exalted views as to Christian duty and privilege.

In the Old Land the coming of the Christmas season fills well-nigh every home with joyous anticipations. Students at college, boys at school, away from home; young men and maidens living apart from their families, from necessity or alienation; mothers, longing to have their beloved ones once again; fathers, anxious to see the family united in affection; how are all their hearts set dancing at the thought of Christmas! How many a venerable priest feels his eyes watery as he looks forward to breaking the Bread of Life to some whom he shepherded from childhood to man's or woman's estate who have joined other flocks in distant towns, but whom he will meet at Christmas! How many millions of children in their cots are losing sleep, as they prattle over what Santa Claus will bring, or their parents, or brothers, or sisters will buy them as a present for Christmas! How many lovers, too, are agi-

...with anxious anxiety over what to give as a love token at Christmas! Men servants and women servants, in kitchens and parlour rooms, in cottages, in offices, are thousands looking forward with delight to a mistress' or master's kindly mark of appreciation on Christmas morn! How, too, are the poor joyfully anticipating the benevolences inspired by the teaching of Christmas! If, also, we could see the cabins and bunks of innumerable vessels tossing on the ocean, therein would be seen thousands of hardy seamen gladdened at the thought of being home for Christmas! In every hospital, workhouse, and prison even, the burthen of suffering, of poverty, and of shame, is lightened by expectations of loving sympathy at Christmas! On the whole estate of Christ's Church militant here on earth there will fall the "kindly light" of the angelic message, "Peace on earth," to relieve the "encircling gloom" of failures, divisions, indifference, and persecution, over which will shine the hopes of Christmas! The effort to blot out such heavenly influences is as vain as scoffing at the sun. We can well imagine the joy-bells of Heaven itself responding with peals in sympathy with the bells, which, from ten thousand steeples, will call on Christians to salute with thanksgiving the dawn of Christmas morn.

Christmas is the Festival of Home because of its glorification of Motherhood. That "sweet story of old," of Mary and her babe, by bringing Christ into the home circle, has done more to purify, ennoble, and rejoice

home life than all the poems and sermons ever written or uttered. It is here, by incomprehensible dogmas, that all ages have turned with sacred awe and devotion to the

"Great One, One whose glorious birth  
Lifts earth to heaven, and heaven to earth."

Be it, then, ours to obey with gladsome mind the call of the Catholic Church, which has resounded throughout Christendom for many generations:

"O! Come! Let us adore Him!"

As we contemplate Christmas as the Festival of Home, we can, in that hallowed time, take up the strain of Gerhardt, written two and a half centuries ago:

"All my heart this night rejoices,  
As I hear, far and near, sweet angel voices,  
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,  
Till everywhere with joy the air is ringing  
For it dawns, the promised morrow  
On his birth, Who on earth relieves all sorrow  
God, to wear our form descendeth;  
Of His grace, to our race; here His Son He  
Lendeth."

If we are asked, in the words of an old Dutch carol:

"Oh! Why the church so rich and rare,  
Oh, why the altar decked so fair,  
Oh, why the tuneful song of choir,  
Oh, why the lamps of quivering fire,  
Oh, why the organ's pealing strain,  
Oh, why the window's glowing pane."

We answer from the same carol:

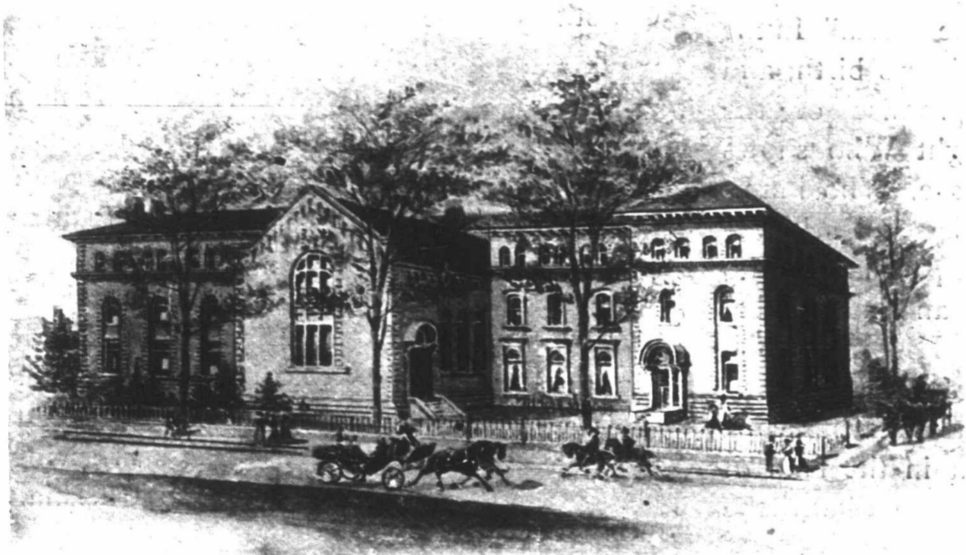
"Though small our best, yet we believe,  
The gift of love Christ does receive;  
And if in wealth we have no part;  
We give Him what we have—the heart!"

How happy a world would this be, if every home were blest with the spirit of this Christmas Festival!

#### CHRISTMAS AGAIN

Christmas comes again. Comes in darkness and silence, which will soon be broken by carols of welcome, and the echoes of jubilant hymns. It is early yet, but the faint sound of bells, from a distant church, is indistinctly heard. They are so far away that only a musical tremour of the air reaches the ear, like a melodious whisper. I wonder where the bellry may be, for there is no church between oneself and the river, and that is a long way off. While I am thinking of the ringers, so commendably early in the service of the Church, and doubt not that another service of sacred import is early, too, a clock from the adjacent town strikes six.

And now, here and there, the eyes of little folk open restlessly to the dawn of the blessed day. The sleep-shadowed mind is yet uncertain of the hour, and consciousness is dim, like the morning. Soon follows a drowsy recognition of daybreak tapping at the window, and stealing through the pan-timourously. Then, as the intruder becomes bolder, there is a sudden conviction of many little folks, that the dawn heralds the day of days, and treasure stockings dimly seen are hastily secured, and the favours of Santa Claus hugged with an ecstasy not to be



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described, and known only at that season of childhood's happy fleeting days.

Christmas is essentially a child's festival. Its visit is anticipated impatiently weeks before its arrival, and its departure would be watched through tears, were it not for the happy memories of its visit, and the pleasant conviction of its return.

Perhaps one of the principal charms of Christmas is that it does not change, except such variety as the climate may give the day out-doors.

A pale sun—far south, whose horizontal

beams are streaming down at Christ-  
mas, are green, and the berries are red, as when  
of the olden time, "the holly churchyard."

by a thush alights on a bough of the old yew-tree, which over-  
shadows the lych-gate, and shakes off some  
feathery snowflakes, which the sun's rays  
colour as they fall. At that moment, some-  
thing seems to encompass one like a shadow,  
and a strange sensation pervades my whole  
being. Principally, it is a conviction that

Looking at the interior of our lovely and  
beloved church, the changes that have been  
made during the last fifty years are slight,  
and have become familiar. The dark,  
lustrous leaves of the holly still hold oak  
and stone in its embrace, and cling there

precisely the same thing has happened be-  
fore, and on a Christmas Day, too; but  
when? and the incident, trifling as it is,  
seems portentous, and the impression so  
simple an occurrence has made on the mind  
is deep, and accompanied by a feeling of  
faintness, like the approach of death. Then  
some dreams (long forgotten), crowd on the  
mind, and with them are interwoven some  
hymn tunes, one of which is the incompar-  
able *Adeste Fideles*. Gradually these dis-  
turbed and half-awakened memories retire  
again, leaving only the tune, which I hum



MADONNA AND CHILD.

rays shed a mild radiance on the russet land-  
scape, and a warm, still atmosphere, may  
make an unseasonable day, like the  
ghost of a day or a picture they  
used to show us by the old dissolv-  
ing views' process. At another time the  
day may be wholesomely winterish, with  
snow to crunch beneath the feet, and frost  
to tingle the cheeks, and brighten the eyes,  
and warm the heart to a fuller benevolence  
which impulse the Christmas sermon would  
make presently active, although the needy  
of our parish have already been supplied  
with things essential to the joyous celebra-

tion, significantly, from Christmas Eve till Candle-  
mas. The leaves are as green, and its ber-  
ries as red, as when the martyr, Beckett,  
looked upon them as he walked the autumnal  
solitudes of Canterbury hundreds of years  
ago. As we leave the church and walk down  
the long-trodden path, a thrush alights on a  
bough of the old yew-tree, which over-  
shadows the lych-gate, and shakes off some  
feathery snowflakes, which the sun's rays  
colour as they fall. At that moment, some-  
thing seems to encompass one like a shadow,  
and a strange sensation pervades my whole  
being. Principally, it is a conviction that

on the way home, and so recover my com-  
posure. The associations of Christmas cling  
to us like love of home, or patriotism, or any  
other virtuous sentiment, which exalts  
humanity. Indeed, it began at home. Did  
it not originate in a little family of three? A  
babe and His parents? And speaking of  
that family and its vicissitudes—with the ex-  
ception of one other event, there is not an  
incident recorded in the world's history that  
affects the heart in like manner; nor is there  
a picture, suggested by poet or preacher, to  
which the imagination surrenders so will-  
ingly.

...and the inscription or monument may be raised to the memory of kings, and the names among men but they will crumble to dust, and their memory fade beyond recall, and the Inn at Bethlehem may share in the universal decay, but its memories will remain, and the mind's eye will view it forever. Those who have visited Bethlehem, in dreams, and imagined that crowded Inn, which could hardly shelter those blessed wayfarers, might be counted by the million.

Speaking of dreams, which had so much to do with the adventures and safety of the Holy Family, and the good Simeon, did you ever, dear reader, dream of heaven? I do not mean the visible star-spangled vault which surrounds our world—

"That beautiful  
And unimaginable ether, and  
Those multiplying masses of increased  
And still increasing light."

But I refer to that place of ineffable joy, the eternal mansions:

"Where light and shade succeed no more by turns,  
Where reigns th'eternal sun, with an unclouded ray;  
Where all is calm as night, yet all immortal day;  
And truth forever shines, and love forever burns."

Visions of heaven, from that bourne of the spirit world, the realm of dreams, are not singular. The poet Shirley says:

"Divinity hath oftentimes descended  
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes  
Have in the calm and quiet of the soul  
Conversed with us."

And many a pious soul has been granted a transient view of that rapturous scene, the Saints in Light. A vast multitude, arrayed in white, stretching away to a distance, which appears infinite, and illumined by a central dazzling effulgence, hidden away in the mysterious recesses, which are in the soul's especial keeping, are such experiences.

The influence that dreams have had on the lives and character of men cannot be measured. That they have been the means

of conversion in many instances, we know, from the testimony of those who have been so regenerated.

The visions of the Blessed Virgin and Zacharias prove that the clothing of spiritual intelligences, in visible form, presents no difficulty to omnipotent power. Zacharias was greatly troubled at the appearance of his celestial visitor, and this troubled condition of mind seems to be universal whenever poor humanity is brought face to face with a spiritual and perfect being, and at this fact we need not wonder. The Blessed Virgin was troubled; but that was caused principally by the amazing news the heavenly messenger brought. Even the hardy shepherds were smitten with terror at the appearance of the Angel of the Lord, and the voices of the heavenly host praising God must have filled them with awful admiration. When we picture to ourselves the solitude and silence of that pastoral scene, and its sudden interruption by such a tremendous visitation, one is not surprised at the consternation of the shepherds. Indeed, one cannot be too thankful, that in their alarm and agitation of mind, while listening to the angelic music, they did not forget the words of that immortal song: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

#### DEAN HOWARD'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

By Mary A. Denison.

It was Christmas morning.

Two middle-aged people sat in a neatly-furnished room. They were very quiet now, but they had been discussing things not often talked about in this humdrum world of ours. For instance, the woman had dreamed a dream, and the man had seen a vision, he called it, and the dream and the vision had been the topic of their conversation.

It was perhaps half-past ten of the preceding night that Eleanor Howard, the dean's wife, was awakened by the violent beating of her heart, caused by a dream in which her only daughter, who departed this life six years before, appeared to her, not in angelic garments, but in a very pretty blue merino dress, trimmed with brown, a dress in which she had always looked, as the familiar saying is, as sweet as a picture! She stood at the side of the bed, tying the dainty ribbons under her chin in a bow, and pulling them out and patting them into shape, as she had been wont to do in life.

"Are you going out, my dear?" her mother asked, in her dream.

"Yes, mother, presently," was the answer, "but first, I have a little message for father."

"Leave it with me, daughter," was the pleasant reply, while all the time the mother was wondering how her daughter had returned to earth, and full of joy at the sight of her.

"Tell father," said the girl, still toying with her bonnet strings, "not to preach the sermon he has written for to-morrow. Say that I request him to look for the sermon he preached the Sunday before I went away. Do you remember the text? I do, 'Herein hath He shown how He loved us.'"

"I'll tell him, my dear," said her mother. "But sit down and talk with me a little while. How did you come here? You have made me so happy! Tell me—," but she was talking to empty space. The beautiful face, the pretty hands that had fingered the blue ribbons so deftly, were all gone, and the full moon shone on the place where the vision had just stood.

Suddenly the woman awakened. Her heart was beating furiously, and she felt a little uneasy about herself and her dream. How like reality it must have been, to fasten itself upon her memory, and to cause her pulses to beat with such rapidity!

Thirty-fourth Year.

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ADORATION.

the window. The view was beautiful. The sun shone brightly. The long, white snow-covered hills, the farms, the trees, the miller country.

So the mysterious vision seemed to follow her. She felt vaguely the influence of her dream. Turning to a table on which lay newspapers and two or three magazines, she lighted the lamp, and sat down by the foot of the bed to read, and so relieve her mind of the strain the dream had put upon it.

The Dean still slept on, and as she busied herself with the papers, she noticed that he breathed hard, and presently began to groan. She touched him gently, but he only seemed the more distressed. Finally she shook him out of his stupor. He opened his eyes, gasped, and cried out, "O Jenny, don't go, dear, don't go. Wife, has she gone?"

"Who do you mean, husband?" his wife asked, softly.

"Our Jenny, our little one, grown, as when she left us. She stood here right before me. Oh, I saw her so plainly! She wore that pretty dress, that blue one, with the brown ribbons, and she came in tying the strings of her cottage bonnet, and don't you remember her way of putting them into shape? Well, she was doing that, and she looked so sweet, so natural!"

"Well, what else, father?" his wife asked.

"She told me I must not preach the sermon I wrote yesterday, but the one I preached the week before she left us—'Here in doth He show how He loved us.'"

"Are you sure, father?" she asked, astonished.

"As sure as that I see you, for I will get that sermon early to-morrow. It is my sermon to stand in the December service for that year. I could lay my hand on it now, but I will wait. Dear child! I am sure it must be for some good purpose. Are they not ministering angels?" he murmured, under his breath.

"Father, listen," said his wife: "as you have told me of your vision, as you call it, I will tell you my dream. Jenny came to me, dressed just as you have described, and pulling and patting her bonnet strings in the way she did when here. She told me exactly the same thing she told you, that you were not to preach the sermon you had intended to, but that same text you preached on the week before she left us. That is why I am not in bed. I was not exactly frightened, when I waked up, but I felt strangely, so I sat here reading to collect my scattered senses."

"It is certainly remarkable," the Dean exclaimed. "Why should she want me to use the old sermon?"

"Heaven knows," was the response, "and sometime we shall know why she came in our dreams. Let us trust in God's promises and rest."

Early in the morning the Dean and his wife were talking over the subject, and waiting till breakfast should be served before looking for the sermon. Naturally, the broad glare of daylight had dissipated the

shadows thrown over them by their visions, as the Dean called them.

"That is a good sermon I have just written, I am conscious of it," said the Dean, touching the manuscript that laid on his desk. "It seems to me admirably fit for the occasion. I shall hate to give it up."

"But, my dear, you can preach it some other time," said his wife.

"Yes, true, but then doesn't it seem like yielding to superstition? Now if—"

"You will surely do as the child requested, John," his wife said in quick alarm. "Remember she came to us both, delivered the same message to both of us."

"Yes, yes," he said, hesitatingly. "But we are so curiously constituted, we poor humans, and dreams are but dreams. If I could but know why she wished me to deliver the old sermon, when my new one is so much better. However," he added, quickly, "though the idea seems born of superstition, I'll get the old sermon and preach it, so be easy on that score."

The breakfast table, set with shining silver and spotless glass and china, stood near the window, where the Dean and his wife looked out upon a beautiful blending of garden, field and hill. Presently Mrs. Forster, who served as housekeeper, and who had been with them in that capacity for over a score of years, came in with the coffee.

She was a middle-aged woman, slight of figure, and neatly dressed, but her face wore a look of care, as if some unbearable sorrow

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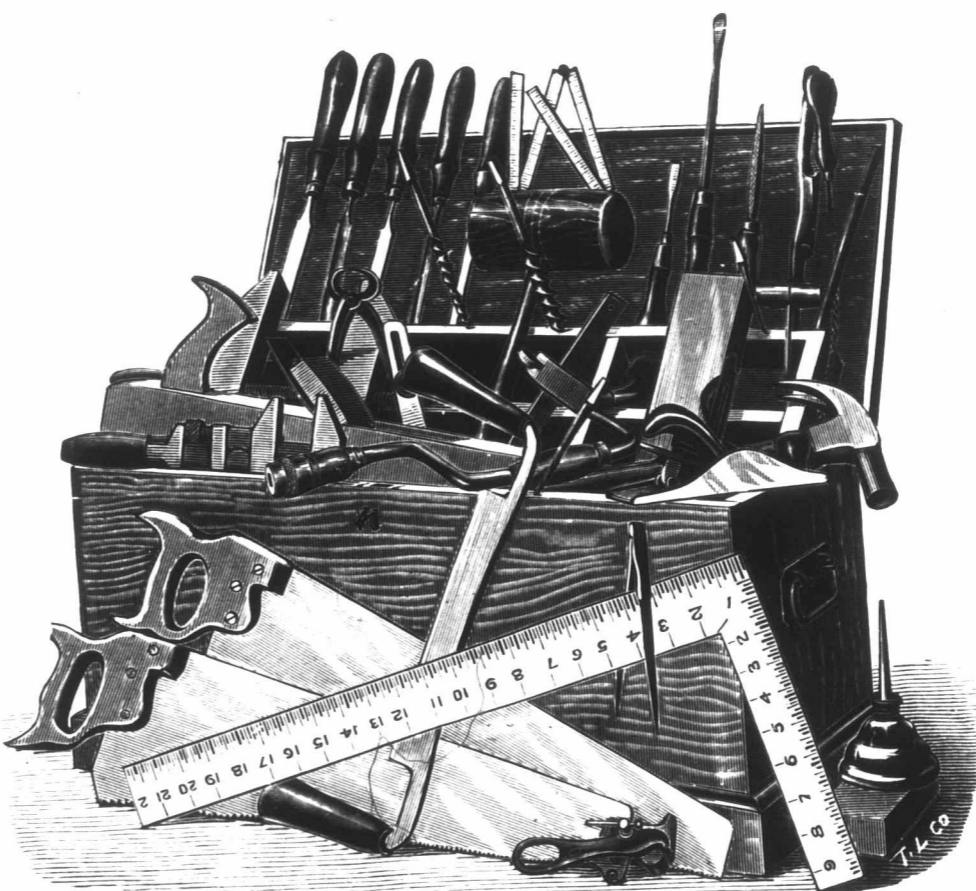
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had eaten into her heart. She exchanged salutations with the rector and his wife, and placed the chairs at the table, then asked to be excused, and went out of the room.

"Poor soul," said the dean's wife, "she seems to feel so badly over her niece. She says the girl is sick again."

mother how she came by all that finery. She must have seen that people would draw their own conclusions. However, that's an old subject and a sore one. We won't think of it in this season of rejoicing. To-day is Christmas, and I am glad whenever it comes on Sunday. It is emphatically a Church

that we should both dream the same dream. It has occurred before, I think, has it not?"

"Once or twice," his wife responded, smiling. Mrs. Forster and Molly—an under servant—had cleared the breakfast table and set the room to rights, when there came a telegram for the housekeeper. She put in an ap-



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"I wish she would confess and have done with it," said the Dean. I should feel differently, even towards poor Becky, who I know in her heart thinks the girl is guilty; but such resolute stubbornness for so many years repels me. She won't tell even her

day, a celebration to gladden the soul. After I am through with my other duties, I will get the old sermon and look it over. I can at least do that, though, understand, there is no superstition about it. I suppose it is but natural, being so in sympathy as we are,

pearance a few moments later, her cheeks alternately paling and flushing.

"Letty seems sinking," she said, her voice faltering. "Mrs. Davies, the woman she is staying with, sends word that I had better come at once."

"Don't say," said the Dean's wife, "I don't think she's not really worse. I think you know she always had nervous spells."

"Yes," the woman said, pinching her arm unconsciously, "but there's danger in 'em now, leastwise the doctor says so," she added, in a trembling voice.

"Dear, dear," said the Dean, looking up from his Church paper. "Go, of course, Mary"—alluding to the under servant—"can do very well alone for a day," and his voice, after the manner of deans and men who have seen little but prosperity all their lives, had a touch of mingled authority and patronage in it. "Don't hurry back, if there's any danger. I do hope it won't be a black Christmas to the poor woman," he further said, in a lower voice, as Becky turned away, "and if the poor child doesn't confess now, well I shall be very much surprised. In my private opinion that's what she wants to see Becky for."

"Poor little Letitia, I always liked the child," the Dean's wife said, musingly, moving in her own graceful way toward the window. "I never could quite believe her guilty."

"And I as absolutely believe that she was," the Dean responded, in the please-don't-contradict-me style which the man of decided will sometimes assumes, whether he be dean or doctor, and the Dean's leaning was toward austerity. "Where did she get her finery all at once? And then remember that her antecedents were unfortunate. Her

father was a profligate, her mother seemed a good enough woman, but the man deserted her. But let us talk of pleasanter things; pray, pray, at this festival time, let us dismiss the unhappy subject. It makes me decidedly uncomfortable. Suppose Becky doesn't come back, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I can get along," and she laughed—a musical little laugh it was, and carried the Dean back a good many Christmas days, for it was on a Christmas Day he first met her, and was captivated by her sweet voice. "You don't remember," she went on, "the old happy days when I did my own work. But everything is prepared, the plum pudding baked, and the turkey ready to go in the oven. Molly can get along without any help from me. She never grumbles over a little extra work."

"All right," was the Dean's reply, "and now I'm going to get that sermon. But, my dear, you have not the least idea how much better the new one is. I felt quite proud of it when I had finished."

"Oh, Dean!" said his wife, with an expressive little gesture.

"It was purely spiritual pride," said the Dean hastily.

"That's worse than any other," his wife responded.

"Well perhaps it is," was his rejoinder. "But I tell you what I will do. I'll read them both to you, there's plenty of time, and you shall judge."

"A good idea," his wife said, as she took up the paper. "I shall listen with pleasure."

A few moments after, the Dean was reconnoitering the square, book-like folios that lay each in its appointed place, for every month's installment, and the manuscript in his hand, went up to his wife's room.

"It looks fresh, yet," he said, laying it on the table to pull out his spectacles, "but—"

His hand was arrested by an exclamation from his wife.

"What's this?" she asked, "some notes, I suppose," and she pulled at a paper, started, stepped back, held the paper before the Dean's eyes with a look untranslatable, and there it was, the missing Bank of England note for fifty pounds—that had been hidden for six years; and looking as fresh and innocent as if its vanishment had had nothing to do with human happiness or threatened even human life.

"Oh, John!" his wife cried out, in a muffled voice, and it sounded very much like a sob "and perhaps that poor girl is dying—you wanted her to confess!"

The Dean stood like one stupified. His face had changed to the pallor of death. "I cannot believe my eyes," he said.

"But there it is, and it was in your study while you were writing that sermon, an English gentleman gave you that note for the Church Hospital—don't you remember? You came in and told me. Oh, John," she went on, tearfully, "that poor girl was innocent! That's the reason my heart has so

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13, 1900

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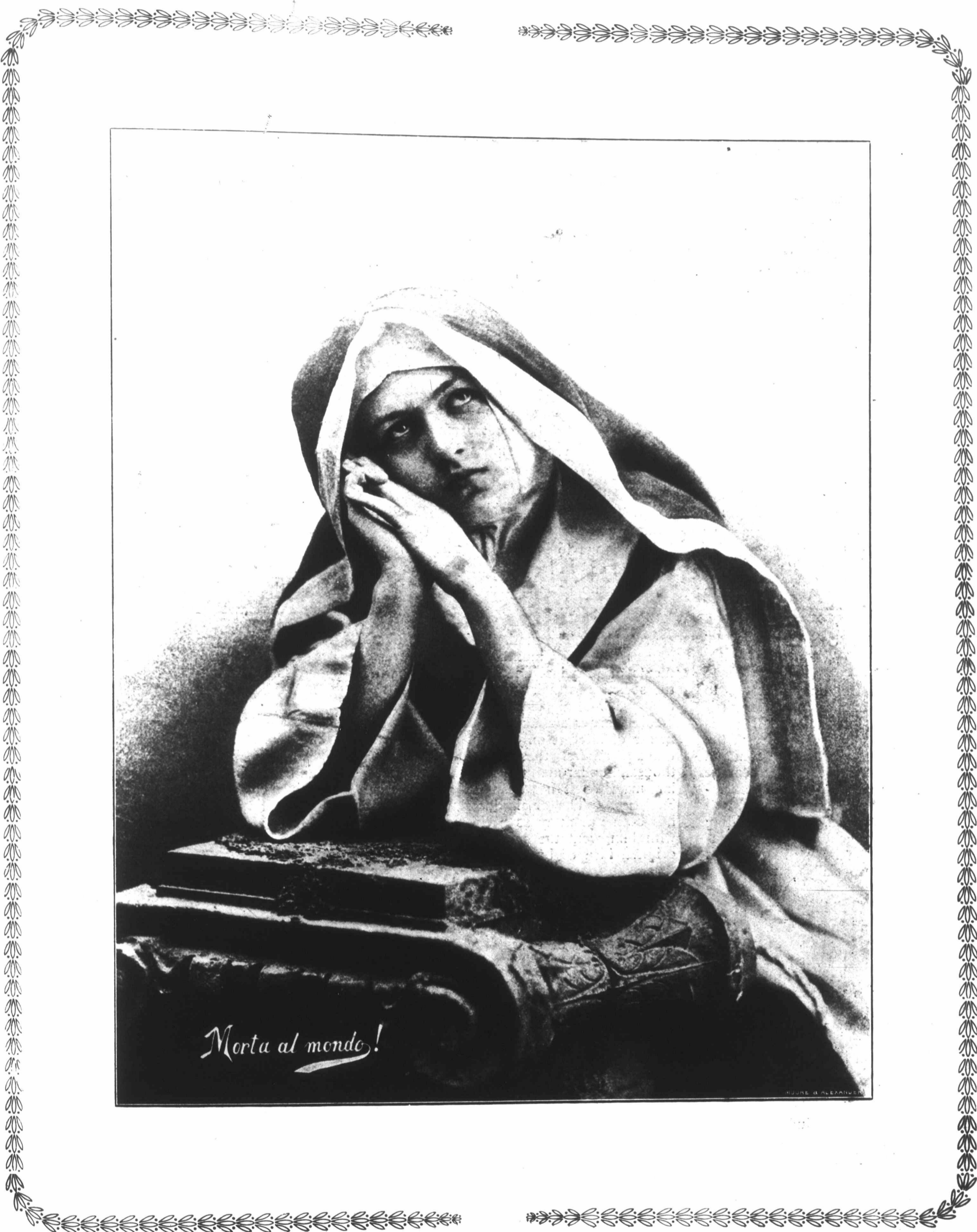
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pleasure. Her only link, she may be dying, she lost everything, her character, her love, her place, her health—and here is the note. Oh what shall we do? She may be dead, John."

"She may, she may," said the Dean, bewilderedly. "My dear wife, I don't know what to do. The services must go on; it is impossible for me to neglect them; and what is done must be done quickly. I—I am humiliated, distressed beyond measure. How shall I ever get through the day? What steps shall I take? I shall not enjoy one moment of Christmas till I know—," he choked a little. "God grant the child may live—to—forgive me for my hasty judgment."

There was silence for a moment, then his wife spoke up.

"I know what to do," she said, "and beyond a slight tremor of voice and manner, she was quite calm. "I will go at once to the city and see the poor child myself. It may be God will spare her—at least till—till," her voice broke, "till she knows we have found the note."

"That is best," her husband said, "you are so quick to get at things. Perhaps you'll be back in time to hear the sermon—the new one, you know. The purpose for which this one is found is served. I don't think daughter would insist upon my preaching the old one."

"Oh, John, dear," his wife said, "she distinctly told the text, and wished you to

preach from it—don't you see, John?"

"Well, well—perhaps it will be best. I can at least get in a few thoughts from the new sermon appropriate to the occasion;" and the wife went up stairs and left him poring over the manuscript.

Suddenly his brow cleared, he had found it appropriate.

The congregation, the staid old vestrymen, and the wardens, all wondered at the Dean's sermon that day, at the graciousness of his manner, the fervour of love which seemed to dominate his speech, and when at the close of his sermon, he said: "I wish my people, who are all acquainted with the facts of the case, to know that this morning, on this blessed Christmas Day, I found the fifty-pound note that was lost six years ago, folded in the old sermon to which you have just listened, thus proving the innocence of a young Christian girl, who was brought up in the Church, and was wrongly suspected, and consigned to the not too tender charity of this congregation and the world. I here with publicly ask pardon of my God, and of this Church, that, although there seemed sufficient proof of her guilt, I made no effort to shield her reputation, as I now feel I should have done, as a minister of Christ; but because she would not confess, cast her off as a pariah. This blessed day of the Church and the Christ, I hope, if she be living, to atone to her for all she has gone through, and to treat her as the lamb of the Church, who has innocently suffered. I do

this as I hope to receive mercy from God." Astonishment, wonder, every shade of surprise, appeared in the faces of the congregation.

Away back in a pew near the wall, a strong, rather handsome-featured young man sat and listened in pained bewilderment. Then his massive frame shook, and involuntarily he bowed his head, hiding his face in his hands. The love that he had so long kept in leash, burst forth and surged over his heart with a power like the rush of many waters. He, too, felt a humiliation too deep for words. Though he had loved her as his life, in conscious superiority, feeling himself a man proud of inherent honesty, he had turned away from the girl whose life was bound up in him, and set himself to tear her image from his memory. But he had not succeeded. Now, added to his self-abasement, was the fear that she, in her new-found liberty from a cruel bondage, would never forgive him, and a deep, strong sob-sounded in the strained ears of the congregation. He could not bear the listening silence, he could not bear the weight of his own misery, and with flushed face and tear-stained cheeks, he sought the door nearest to his pew, and went out almost broken-hearted.

It was a strange Christmas Day's experience. Men discussed the matter with the turkey and cranberry sauce; women felt their hearts glow and were glad; even the little children talked it over.

#### A TWENTIETH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY.

The main idea of a Building Society is to help all who become members to secure their own homes free of incumbrance. But as it is clearly not feasible for every member at the same time to have a loan out of the common fund, it is necessary for a large percentage of the membership to be an investing membership. This, however, fits in very well with the home-making idea, for the Building Society thus affords a field for the safe investment of small capitals, and promotes thrift and saving, especially among the younger members.

##### The Old-fashioned Building Societies.

These ideas are by no means of recent invention, for Building Societies, in various forms, have existed and flourished during many years in Great Britain, United States and Canada. Their usefulness, however, has been hampered by several causes. For instance, their methods of advancing money on loans used to be marked by an extraordinary complexity, so that the very appearance of their mortgages, charging heavy premiums and fines, in addition to interest, frightened the general public, and roused the cynical admiration of the judges.

##### What Became of the Old Building Societies?

It is probable, however, that the numerous Building Societies which sprang up in Canada would, in spite of this clumsiness of system, be flourishing to-day, as Building Societies are, for the fact that they have been almost completely and deliberately changed into mere Loan Companies. Society after society was incorporated as a Building Society, and then as the assets grew, the smaller shareholder was edged to the door by the larger

shareholder. The method of loans on small houses with easy monthly or quarterly payments of principal and interest (by which the societies in their earlier years made their money), was supplanted by the method of loaning larger amounts with half-yearly payments of interest only. Just as in all other human affairs, the tendency is for the thousand-dollar man to push out the one-dollar man, so it has been in the Building Societies. The small instalment investor has been put away as a childish thing, and with him went the small borrower and the original idea of building homes for people.

##### A Real Building Society.

Accordingly, it is interesting to watch the growth and progress of a real building society, The York County Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto, which has not, in the hour of prosperity, shed its characteristics, as a Building Society. On the contrary, while the plans have been greatly simplified and the cumbrous absurdities of the original societies have been dropped, still the small instalment investor and the instalment-paying borrower, the very same types of men as started the first Building Societies—are the men who have kept up, brought to prosperity, and still compose the society, which in Toronto is familiarly known as The York County. It does not appeal to the capitalist, who is looking to buy debentures in blocks of ten or a hundred thousand dollars. It appeals rather to the workingman, who can lay aside twenty-five cents a week, or to the mechanic or storekeeper, who, having accumulated by slow savings a little fortune of twenty, fifty or a hundred dollars, has looked in vain for an institution that wants him as a shareholder.

##### Self-Extinguishing Mortgages.

It is well known that the straight loan on

mortgage, repayable at the end of five years, is not in the majority of cases repaid at all; or it is repaid only by funds raised elsewhere on another mortgage. There are farms and houses in Ontario that have been under practically the same mortgage for forty years. The York County knows the peculiarity of mortgages, and in its capacity as a home builder, it insists on the borrower repaying the principal as he goes. In the terse language of the Company's circular, "the way to fight a mortgage successfully is to knock it out in monthly rounds. If a man waits until the whole sum is due, the mortgage is likely to knock him out."

##### Home Building.

In addition to the assistance which The York County gives its shareholders to build homes on their own lots, the Company has purchased at low prices a compact section, in that most beautiful part of Toronto which adjoins High Park. It is proceeding to develop this district under the most modern and up-to-date ideas, which have been collected by Mr. Joseph Phillips, after an exhaustive study of the means by which American capitalists have at the same time beautified some of the great cities, such as Cleveland, and reaped a handsome profit on their enterprises. The houses already erected by The York County, in West Toronto, have been eagerly occupied by the city's ever-increasing throng of house-seekers, and commend themselves to the public for their solid, honest construction. The money used has been expended on securing plain comfort and stability without gingerbread decorations. It is safe to say that in the next five years, under the fostering hand of The York County, a beautiful and populous district will have sprung up in Toronto to the east of High Park.

The Dean went silently, almost reluctantly, home. His Christmas dinner might possibly be eaten with bitter herbs, certainly with bitter remembrances. He felt as he had never felt before, the beauty of Christ's tenderness towards the erring. He had never seemed to himself so humbled, so resentful towards his own shortcomings. Had it been unyielding integrity, the pride of the flesh, or the justice of Holy Church that had animated him in the case of this poor girl?

"I fear" he murmured to himself, "it was the world, the flesh, and the devil," and

little of sermon and self as I did this morning. And I am sure nothing serious has happened, or you would not be looking so happy."

On the contrary, when the poor child knew that we could prove her innocence, new life seemed to come to her, and it was wonderful what a change happened. She had just been telling her mother what she believed was a dying confession, that her father gave her the finery she had, and extorted a promise from her that she would never tell. He met her in some way and

burned young fellow, who looked as if the weight of the world had bowed his shoulders, but when he saw the sudden lighting of a pair of sweet, blue eyes, the quick flush of two pallid cheeks, and the outstretched hands that expressed a child's eagerness, the burden rolled off, never to make him sorry or ashamed again.

And the Dean, after repeating for the twentieth time that he never should know how the note got into his sermon, as he laid his head on the pillow that night, his eyes seeking the pictured face of the woman-child



A SECRET.

then he shuddered as he thought, "how near we all are to the evil that works, not by force, but by suspicion, insinuation, and self-righteousness, to wreck the souls of men."

Arrived at the rectory, he found his wife standing at the door, smiling and important.

"Well, my dear, what of the sermon?" she asked.

"Oh—er, the sermon, why I haven't thought of it," he said, a little confusion visible in voice and manner. "Other things drove it clean out of my mind, after it was delivered. The fact is, I never thought so

overcame her scruples; besides, she loved him, poor child, and she was faithful to her word, as you and I taught her to be. In less than an hour she was able to be dressed, and I brought her home with me, weak as she was, to spend Christmas. Come in and assure her of your faith in her, for she is longing to see you. Two happier people than she and Aunt Becky, I never saw. It is, indeed, a wonderful Christmas Day."

And so the Dean acknowledged when later a few friends came in to pay their respects to him. Among them was a tall, sun-

he had lost six years before, confessed that he never, in all his life, had enjoyed a happier Christmas.—The Living Church.

—There is but one virtue, in naming which the whole Divine character is summed up. We are told that God is Love, and both St. James and St. John teach us that love is the corner-stone of the Christian character and life. Love of our brother in the helpful deed and kindly word; love of God in the resolute acceptance of His orderings and following of His Commandments.

### THE USE AND MISUSE OF THE ORGAN IN THE SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued)

Now for some faults. I have heard scale and arpeggio passages on the reciting note, and even chromatic scale passages, whilst the choir were reciting words of the greatest solemnity. I have heard a choir shout, and the organ roar out a tearful lament: "But as for me, I am a worm and no man; a very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people;" and thus the organist often turns the sublime into the ridiculous. Again, I have listened to Psalm cxxxvii.: "By the waters of Babylon," sung devoutly and very feelingly to the first tone until the words: "Down with it, down with it, even to the ground," occurred. Then all was changed, and the congregation were startled by a large organ being used "full." Need I say how wrong and objectionable this sudden increase of power was in the midst of such a beautiful lamentation, as in this Psalm? And so in other Psalms. In the "Church Times" (London, England), some years ago, I cut an extract from a paper published. It was headed: "Musical Notes on Modern Services." The writer, in referring to the manner in which some organists accompany the tones, says: "All through the Psalms, the reeds crash, the pedals make a wonderful obligato, the sun rises, the frogs leap, the beasts roar, man goes to his labour, the organist sweats, the choir shout the Psalms to a syllabic pointing, and everybody is in

ecstasies with the pomp and vanities of the performance, etc., etc." When the Psalms are sung to pretty Anglican chants I do not think the organ is so much misused, because there is not the same opportunity as in accompanying Plainsong. And yet even here the organist sometimes thinks that the great point is to perpetually play *sof*te one of the four parts, as a solo, on a prominent stop, whilst others indulge in a by no means suitable free organ accompaniment. Surely more than in Plainsong should the organ be subdued, so that the four part harmony by the voices may be clearly heard. If the four-part voice harmony is not fit to be heard, from the choir possessing inferior voices, then the four-part Anglican chants should not be in use (another point for Plainsong), the purpose of the organ certainly not being to hide defects in the choir. In the "services" and "anthems," we very frequently find misuse of the organ, oftentimes the organist doing so even against his will; that is, supposing that he does not select his services. I have had to play accompaniments which have simply struck me as comic. In one service I have in mind, the composer has written an interlude—and in the most grand and solemn part of the service—which reminds one forcibly of the music employed at the entrance of demons in a sensational drama. And this is used in the House of God. Unfortunately, if the organist does not select the music, he cannot, without risking the loss of his position, refuse to play such services. He must un-

intentionally misuse his instrument by playing accompaniments which he would not employ were he a free agent. Respecting anthem accompaniments, I give a little incident which came under my notice some few months ago. It was at an evening service in a large city church (not Toronto). The organ accompaniment seemed perfect, and the whole service, up to the anthem, gave one that peaceful feeling, which, alas! only comes now and again, but which Evening-song should always inspire. The anthem was over, as far as the choir were concerned, and the sound of the organ was dying away quietly, when a most unearthly crash occurred. Such a noise, one seemed almost to feel the sound. This was the organist's postlude to the anthem. He had restrained himself all through the service until this point was reached and then he had let himself loose, with what pitiable result may be better imagined than described. The peaceful feeling had fled, and an irritable nervous state seemed to possess the people during the remaining prayers. Like nervous folk waiting for a peal of thunder, the congregation seemed to expect another musical screaming and thundering. Fortunately, they were disappointed, but one could not help being grieved that such an outburst should have occurred in such a place, and especially where such devotional music had existed until this one fatal part of the service aroused some sort of demon in the organist's mind.—H. C. W.

(To be continued).

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**The Churchwoman.**

**QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE NIAGARA WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.**

The Niagara Diocesan Board of the Woman's Auxiliary held its quarterly meeting in the Cathedral school house, on Wednesday, December 5th, beginning with a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Cathedral chapel. The business meeting, held in the Guild room, was very largely

dwelling, in the latter part, on the medical side, and speaking most highly of her efficient helper, Miss Hamaguchi, who is now receiving training as a nurse in the Kingston Hospital. At noon, His Lordship, Bishop DuMoulin, gave a half-hour Bible reading, taking the miracle of the loaves and fishes as a text from which to draw encouragement and instruction to Christian workers. Lunch was served in the Chapter room, and during the brief recreation Miss Smith chatted to an interested audience, and showed numerous Japanese knick-knacks and curios. At 2 o'clock business

**FOR THE INDIA FAMINE SUFFERERS AND ORPHAN WORK.**

With very grateful thanks I acknowledge the following contributions to the above fund: H.S.M., Church of England book-room, 50c.; Friend, St. Mary's, 25c.; E., \$1; J. H. Hall, Bensport, \$1; "Mite," 25c.; Diocese of Toronto, \$4.25; Miss Daniels—The Priory, Toronto, 50c.; All Saints Sunday-school, Niagara Falls South, per Rev. Canon Bull, \$6.25; Miss J. M. Carleton Place, for Leper work, \$1; Anon., for support of child for



IN THE SULKS.

attended, representatives being present from Oakville, Grimsby, Barton, Burlington, Stoney Creek and South Cayuga, as well as the Hamilton branches. Mrs. McLaren, diocesan president, occupied the chair. The Missionary Litany was said, and after some routine business, reports were presented by several of the officers. A new senior branch was reported at Nassagawaya, with 10 members, and a junior branch at Dunville, with a membership of 23. Miss Smith, a missionary on furlough, from Nagano, Japan, was introduced, and gave an excellent address on the work in Japan,

was resumed. The reports were finished, and a quantity of correspondence gone through. The president made an earnest plea for the United Thankoffering, and read extracts from an appeal for the Chinese in British Columbia, issued by the Bishop of New Westminster. In the evening, Miss Smith gave a stereopticon lecture, which was largely attended, Rev. Canon Bland occupying the chair. Numerous interesting groups and very beautiful views were shown. Miss Smith will remain for some time in Niagara Diocese, and will give addresses at a number of different centres.

year, \$15; Mrs. H. C. Knowlton, Orphan work, \$1; Mrs. C. Campbell, Collingwood, \$7.50; Girl's Bible class, St. Peter's church, Toronto, 40c.; X. Y. Z., \$1; Friend, Marble Dale, Conn., U.S.A., \$1. I still hope that Sunday-schools, Mission Bands and others will remember the Orphan work of India, which for some time will need hearty support. Let us remember how terrible may be the tale of some of these young girls, who if not rescued by Christian missionaries may be bought for evil purposes by the natives of India. May God in His mercy avert this. Alas that such dark

and exist. May God, even by these very clouds we are trying to save, pour more of the light of truth into the dark places of the earth. Heaven dollars, let me remind you, will keep a child for a year in a home, and those desiring to do so may hear constantly about the child. Pray for a blessing on this rescue work, and address contributions to Miss Caroline Macklem, Sylvan Towers, Rosedale, Toronto.

## Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

### NOVA SCOTIA.

Frederick Courtney, D.D., Bishop, Halifax, N.S.

Truro.—The crypt of St. John's was filled on the evening of November 30th with enthusiastic members of the parish, who gave a most hearty welcome to Ven. Archdeacon Kaulbach on his return from Australia, and to Mrs. Kaulbach, who had been away for some weeks, having journeyed to Winnipeg, and there awaited her husband on his return trip. During the evening the ladies served hot coffee and light refreshments. The senior warden, Mr. J. B. Moorman, presented the following address to the Archdeacon: "To the Venerable the Archdeacon of Nova Scotia, Reverend Sir—We are met here this evening for the pleasing duty of welcoming you back to your own church and your own people. When, some months ago, you made known to us that you had been selected to accompany His Lordship, the Bishop of this Diocese, on his mission to Australia, as a delegate from our Canadian Church to the Australasian Synod, we rejoiced that such an opportunity of visiting that great Island Continent of the Southern seas, the prosperous home of so many of our fellow subjects, should have been given to you. During your absence we have fol-

lowed you in our thoughts, and have not been unmindful of you in our prayers. We take pleasure in the thought of the wonderful and inspiring experiences which such a journey as you have just completed, must have brought to you. We rejoice in the thought that it has been a joy to you to see so much of the wonders and the beauties of our world, its vast oceans, its distant lands, its varied populations. We find no room to doubt that all these things will have left their mark on you, and that you have returned to us refreshed and strengthened in mind and in body. May we say, too, that we also hope and expect to gain much from your recent experiences; we shall look to you to tell us much of what you have felt, and what you have seen in the past few months, and we venture the confident hope that under the blessing of God, they may be fruitful and of much lasting good to you and to ourselves. We welcome you back to your own church and people. We know, in our hearts, that you will say that while it was good to go, it is very good to return, and that you will rejoice with us, in being restored to the work which God has given you to do. Accept then, Reverend Sir, from us, on behalf of your congregation, the earnest expression of their warm welcome and sincere good wishes. J. Moorman, Walter H. Buck, Churchwardens of St. John's Church, Truro, N.S., Nov. 30th, 1900. This was accompanied with a handsome bouquet of roses to Mrs. Kaulbach, presented to her on behalf of the ladies, by Miss Mary Fraser. The Archdeacon's reply was thoroughly enjoyed. His little reminiscences of his 30 years' labour in the Parish of St. John's, his thanks to his parishioners for their enthusiastic "welcome home," his touching reference to the lamented dead of the congregation that had "fallen by the way" during his absence, and his description of his long journey and visit in the Southern Hemisphere, were listened to with rapt attention by all present.

### QUEBEC

Andrew Hunter Dunn, D.D., Bishop, Quebec, Que.

Lanoxville.—A special convocation of Bishop's College was held in the college, Tuesday afternoon, December 4th, when the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon the new principal, Rev. Dr. Whitney, the college was presented with a portrait of the retiring chancellor, Dr. R. W. Hencker, and the newly elected chancellor, Dr. John Hamilton, of Quebec, was installed. Dr. Hencker presided. In opening the convocation he said: "In opening this, my last convocation, I desire to offer a very few remarks. My resignation as chancellor was made last summer, though it did not take effect at once on being presented to the members of the University, but was postponed in order that a new chancellor might be appointed. I received at the time many kind words from the distinguished men who were present when I expressed my desire to be relieved from the cares of office, and I felt almost overwhelmed by the eulogies passed on my work during the 22 years of my service. I do not wish for any renewal of these kind words. My first duty to-day will be to confer the degree of D.C.L. on the new principal of the College who has so lately been installed by a solemn service in the College chapel, and who has already given proof of his success in the future by his administration since the term opened. On all sides and from all hands, professors and students of the College, as well as from the school staff and the schoolboys, the testimony is strongly in his favour. This assuredly is a matter for congratulation, and I am sure all will join with me in the heartfelt wishes that his career in this country may be such as to cause him never to regret the step he has taken, and that the people of the country who seek high class training for the intellectual walks of life may recognize in him a scholar and a gen-

# Worn Out by Social Duties

It is the praiseworthy ambition of every woman to be beautiful, and while Nature does not bless all with perfect features, she has left it largely in the hands of every woman to be beautiful in form and figure, and in the gracefulness and elasticity of movement which health alone can give. If to brighten the eye, to give a glow of health to the cheek, to round the form and to fill the body with the charm of vigor and strength is to make woman beautiful—then DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD is a beautifier of woman.

Health and beauty always go linked together. A wrinkled, tired and worn looking face tells immediately of nervousness, worry and the many accompanying ills and irregularities. DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD fills the shrivelled arteries with new, rich blood, strengthens and rekindles the vitality of the nerves, and gives a well-rounded form, and clear healthy complexion to all who use it. The pale and emaciated become plump and rosy, the weak and worn grow daily stronger, and health and beauty develop hand in hand when this restorative is used regularly.

But, as there are few ladies here, we have not space to fully advertise for this wonderful character and



MRS. E. H. YOUNG.

broad sympathies than Mrs. E. H. Young, of 214 Greenwood Avenue, Jackson.

She is a leader among the "Lady Maccabees," "Lady Foresters," and other fraternal societies, and for the benefit of her suffering sisters makes the following statement:—

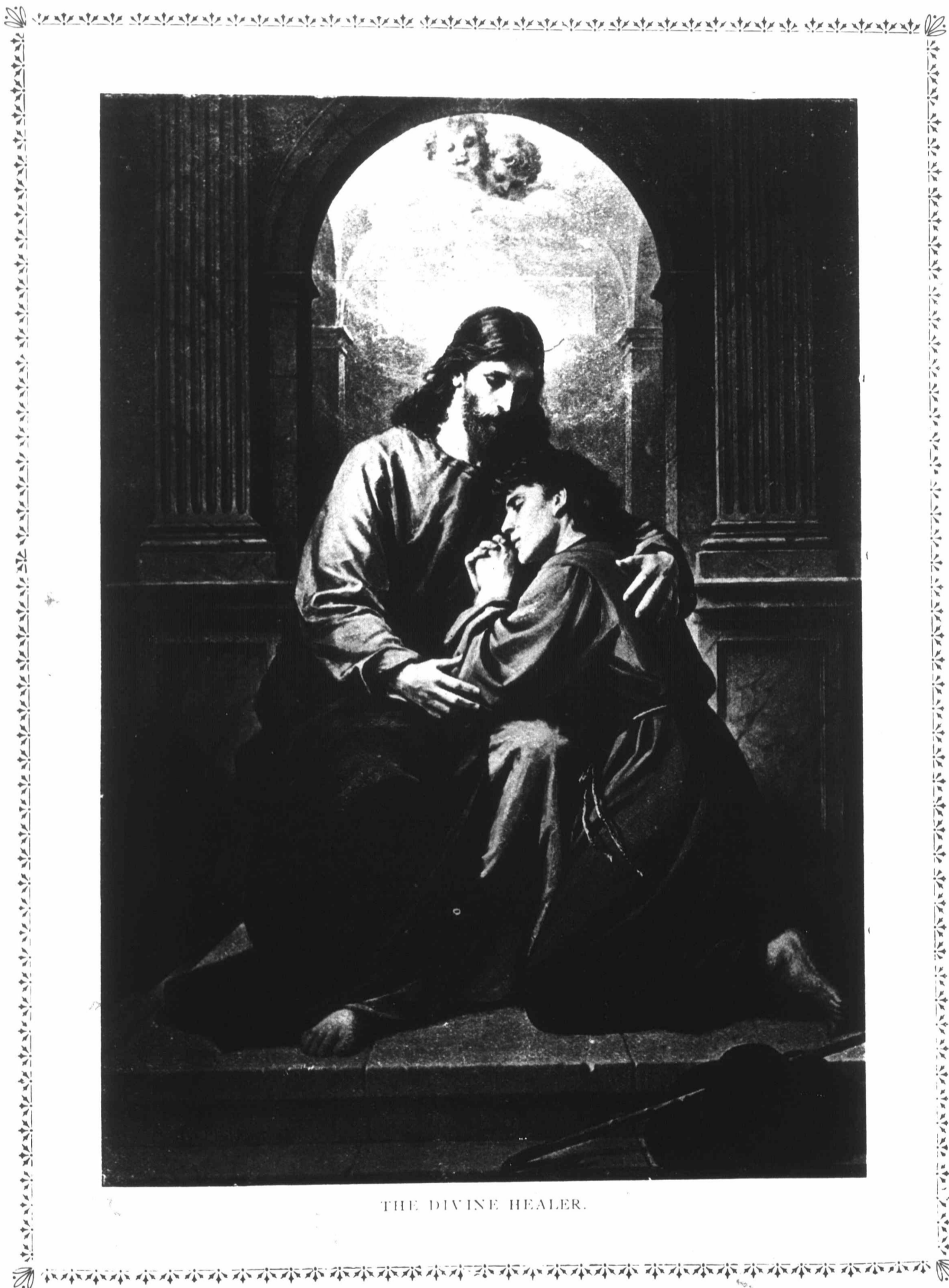
"My social and other duties in connection with several ladies' fraternal societies had drawn so much upon my strength that I found myself all run down in health. I was very nervous, had no appetite, could get no real rest or sleep and suffered much from pains in the head and back. I tried many tonics, but could get no permanent relief from them. Finally I purchased Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, took two boxes as directed, and found it a perfect cure for my trouble. Its action was mild and effective, and I believe it to be the best treatment in the world for nervous troubles and for building up the system."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of inestimable value as a restorative to overcome the ill effects of artificial winter life. It fills the shrivelled arteries with new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves, and gives new life and vigor to every organ of the body. 50 cents a box, six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

tleman, not only fit to teach, but most willing to devote his talents to the welfare of the Canadian public. Principal Whitney, after receiving the degree, expressed his appreciation of it briefly. Continuing, he spoke of his acceptance of the principalship and of the favourable anticipations he had of Bishop's College, which had been fully realized. His estimate of the College and school before his arrival had not been too high. He wanted to see the tone of the work done at the

office to the University. He was the great layman of the Eastern Townships, and always a man of weight in the provincial and general synod. His portrait would be hung in the council chamber of the University, and though he had retired from the chancellorship, His Lordship expressed the hope that he would long be spared to assist with his sage advice the University and the synods of the Church. Dr. Heneker spoke briefly in acknowledgment of the Bishop's words. The new chan-

feel that he could do much by himself, and would ask all to assist in promoting the interests of Bishop's College in the Dominion. The Eastern Townships especially should support the College. He hoped that students, graduates, clergy, all interested in the cause of education, would unite in promoting the interests of Bishop's College. The new chancellor then declared the convocation adjourned.



THE DIVINE HEALER.

College raised as high as possible. He thought Canadians should strive to equal in educational matters the Mother Land, as they did equal her in many other fields. The Bishop of Quebec, at the conclusion of Principal Whitney's remarks, presented to the Corporation of Bishop's College a portrait of the retiring chancellor, Dr. Heneker, painted by Mr. Harris, of Montreal. He considered it a work of art, and said the University would be glad and proud to possess it. For 42 years Dr. Heneker had been connected with the College, 22 years as chancellor. He had done loyal

cellor, Dr. John Hamilton, of Quebec, and son of the late Robert Hamilton, a benefactor of the University, was then installed. Chancellor Hamilton said it always seemed as if some men were born to be chancellors—Dr. Heneker, for instance—and as if the honour was thrust upon others who did not merit it. He felt that the latter was his case. It seemed as if he had done very little, though he could lay claim to one qualification, which he would make the most of. He possessed a hearty interest in all that concerned Bishop's College and Bishop's College School. He did not

MONTREAL.

William Bennett Bond, D.D., Bishop, Quebec, Montreal.—The regular meeting of the bishop and clergy was held at Bishop's Court, on Monday, the 3rd inst., at 8 o'clock. Subject, II. Peter, iii. Introduced by Rev. J. S. Ereaux. Owing to His Lordship's indisposition, the Dean presided, and pronounced the paper admirable, and as the "Parousia," was the leading theme, a most suggestive and thoughtful discussion followed.

There will be a short prayer meeting for members of the Gleaners' Union, every Friday afternoon, in the upper room of the Synod Hall, beginning punctually at 2.30 and ending at 3 p.m. sharp. First meeting was held last Friday, Nov. 20th.

St. Martin's.—At this church on Sunday morning, Dec. 2nd, the rector, the Rev. G. Osborne Troop, made a statement to his congregation concerning the progress of the church since the sittings were made free and unappropriated. He said that for the half-year just ended all expenses had been met in the most satisfactory way. The people had responded to the trust reposed in them in such a spirit of loyalty as to call for deep thankfulness to God. It was well known that several families had felt obliged through the change to withdraw from the church, and it was inevitable that this loss should be severely felt in many ways. But there could be no genuine progress in the kingdom of God without sacrifice and he felt sure that the work would be sustained and blessed, if minister and people were simply faithful. Nelson had said, "England expects every man to do his duty." With even more force could it be said, "Christ expects every Christian to do his duty." It was obvious that a Church could only be really free through the willingness of true Christians to maintain it for the benefit of the poor and the stranger. The congregation held St. Martin's in trust from God for the benefit of all who desired to share with them in the privileges of the Gospel. He wished them, above all things to be a missionary people, not only to the heathen afar off, but also to all not connected with other congregations whom they could bring in to worship with them. Thus would they be ready to meet the returning Christ in His glory with joy and not with shame. In conclusion the rector paid a warm and ungrudging tribute to those generous friends of many years who no longer felt able to stand by St. Martin's. He rejoiced that their support would still be given to the work of God through other channels. It was with pain that he saw them withdraw from his own ministry, but he trusted that God would overrule all for their eventual blessing.

## OTTAWA.

Charles Hamilton, D.D., Bishop, Ottawa.

Ottawa.—The first conference of the Rural Deanery of Carleton East, which comprises all the parishes of Ottawa and vicinity, was held in St. John's Hall on Monday, Nov. 12th, at 8 p.m. and on the two following Mondays. Most of the clergy were present at all the meetings, and the Bishop presided. His Lordship dwelt on the importance of

these conferences, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so good a number of laity present, and taking an active part in the discussions. The papers read were on the same subjects as the Bishop had sent to the other deaneries. No. 1 on the value of united work of clergy and laity was introduced by Archdeacon Bogert and Canon Law. The latter said that the appointment to parishes should be based on three principles: 1. that authority should have responsibility; 2. the power to appoint should be joined with power to remove; 3. all appointments by popular vote should only be temporary. After some discussion Canon Law said his ideal mode of appointment was by bishop or council. The report of the Woman's Auxiliary was then read by Miss Baker. The second subject on the use of the press was opened by Rev. W. M. Loucks. In the discussion which followed, the laity regretted that good Church books were hard to get and expensive. Rev. F. Squire, on Monday, Nov. 19, read a paper on the Church of England after the coming of St. Augustine, which was discussed by several of the laity. The Rev. W. P. Garrett introduced the subject of having a witness to confirmation as at baptism, which was shown to have been an ancient custom, but now scarcely known. It was a matter of difference of opinion whether the sponsor at baptism should or should not be their witnesses. No. 5, on the better rendering of the Church service, was given by the Rural Dean, Canon Pollard, who treated briefly of the object, aim and means of public worship. The chairman summed up by dwelling upon the importance of Holy Communion. No. 6, on marriages in houses, was introduced by Rev. T. Farrett and T. Bailey, who both urged a true estimate of the sacredness of marriage as an inducement to its being performed in church. Mr. Rowley and others, at the Bishop's request, read statements showing the support of the Mission Fund in the diocese to be most satisfactory. If the city of Ottawa did not give quite as much per family as the country, they gave far more to the Church work generally, since they not only had about 18 Sunday collections a year, but were called upon continually to contribute to special objects within and without the diocese. In spite of the inclement weather on two of the evenings the attendance was very satisfactory.

## TORONTO.

Arthur Sweatman, D.D., Bishop, Toronto.

Toronto.—The Bishop Strachan School, the Church School for girls in this diocese, we are glad to see is in a very prosperous condition. The attendance is most satisfactory, and a large new wing is being added, running north from the main building towards College street, parallel to the

dining hall and chapel, which occupy the wing added some years ago. The new wing is to contain a large recreation room and gymnasium for use in bad weather, and in the winter when the grounds are not available for the sports, which form the recreation of the open months. Besides this there will be new class rooms to accommodate the largely increased number of pupils, and to provide the additional space required for the various branches of handwork, dressmaking, millinery, cooking, leather modelling, chip and wood carving, lace making, etc., which are now being taught, in addition to the plain sewing and art and ecclesiastical embroidery, which have always formed part of the course of instruction provided by the school. There is also to be a large new studio. It will be noticed that the intention is not to make room for an increase in the number of resident pupils. Their number has reached the limit considered desirable where it is meant that they shall have individual cares and attention. Another well-devised addition to the school's equipment is a new organ. It is felt that in such an institution some attention should be given to the study, for those who desire it, of the musical service of the Church of England. The council have, therefore, decided to place in the chapel of the school a fine (2 manual) pipe organ to be blown by a water-motor. This will afford a valuable and unusual opportunity to young ladies desirous of qualifying themselves as Church organists, of combining organ instruction and practice with other school studies. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, who will have charge of the organ department will, in addition to private tuition, conduct a class for the study of the Church service in all its branches, including chanting, accompanying order of services throughout the Church's year, etc. The organ will be completed before Christmas, and be ready for use on the reassembling of the students after the vacation.

Peterborough.—Union services of special Prayer and Intercession are being held during Advent in the three Peterborough churches. This is an effort to carry out in some degree the suggestions contained in the Archbishop's Pastoral, entitled, "A Call to Prayer." The first service at St. John's church was largely attended by members of the three congregations, and a thoughtful address was delivered by Rev. H. Symonds.

## HURON.

Maurice Scollard Baldwin, D.D., Bishop, London.

Clinton.—Owing to the resignation of Rev. Mr. Gill, rector of St. Agnes church, Carberry, Mani-

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Manitoba, a meeting of the congregation was held on the 15th inst. at which a unanimous call was extended to Rev. E. B. Smith, of Clinton. Mr. Smith had charge of this parish for three months last summer, so that he is both known of and known, and the fact of this hearty invitation being sent him as soon as a vacancy occurred, is the best evidence that he did good and faithful service. The parish of Carberry is one of the most important in Manitoba and growing, giving at present a salary equivalent to \$1,200 a year. The call is certainly a tempting one, and no one need be surprised to hear that Mr. Smith may accept. If he does the Carberry Anglicans are to be congratulated.

Port Stanley.—At a full meeting of the Church Guild of this parish, lately held at the Rectory, all the old office-bearers were re-elected by a unanimous vote, viz.: Mrs. John Price, president; Miss Whitcomb, vice-president; Mrs. H. D. Steele, secretary-treasurer. It was reported that a sum of about \$200, in round numbers, had passed through the hands of the treasurer during the past year, chiefly for improvements and repairs on the church edifice, which now presents a comfortable and churchly appearance. All arrears of stipend have been paid up to the end of last quarter, and the

Dec. 2nd, and will take charge of the Mission of Maple Ridge.

Holy Trinity.—The Bishop opened Holy Trinity, Fairview, Vancouver, on the evening of Nov. 20. Rev. John Antle, Vicar, has in one year's term gathered a congregation in this new mission, secured lots and built an excellent church, at a cost of about \$1,200. The mission expects to be self-supporting at Easter.

New Westminster.—At the consecration of St. Barnabas' church there was Holy Communion at 8 a.m., the rector, Rev. A. Silva-Mite, being the celebrant. Then came the consecration of the church at 11. His Lordship, the Bishop of New Westminster, issuing from the vestry, and preceded by the rector carrying the crozier, and accompanied by our first rector, Rev. H. H. Gowen, proceeded down the aisles to the main entrance of the church, where they were met by the two churchwardens, Messrs. Naftel and Chapman. Mr. Naftel then read a paper declaring the church free of debt, and asking His Lordship to consecrate the edifice. The Bishop, signifying his assent to the request, moved with the other clergy to the chancel, His Lordship taking his place at the communion rail, and proceeding with special pray-

truly laid. We had no need to further consider that. We are the living stones of which the Church, the living Church is built, and each in himself a temple for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and Christ, the key-stone of the arch, must crown the structure. The congregation was a large and attentive one, and many stayed for Holy Communion, which followed the morning service; the Bishop officiating. At the evening service the church was crowded, including visitors from Vancouver and outlying districts. The new chancel looked very pretty by electric light. Saturday had not been a day for roaming the forest in search of decorative material, in fact, the drenching showers then prevailing made the outlook for the attendance at our consecration service on Sunday anything but hopeful, but all nature smiled when the time arrived, and in the absence of other decorations Mr. Tidy had seemingly brought in half a conservatory of large pot plants, and others had kindly contributed flowers for the altar, and trailing plants to decorate the font. The Rev. H. H. Gowen preached again, to a deeply interested congregation, inculcating that cheering optimism which is ever the guiding light of every true believer. We could feel that a good work begun by us must have its fruition of good although we might not in this life be able to see that result



THE PUPPY CLASS WAITING FOR THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

parish of Port Stanley is now reported in the Synod Journal as one of the 99 parishes of the diocese which have come up to the Synod's requirements. Quite recently, overtures for an exchange of parishes were made to the incumbent from two or three quarters; but the parishioners of Christ church unanimously signed a petition (a copy of which was forwarded to his Lordship, the Bishop), urgently requesting Mr. Steele to continue as their clergyman—to which request the incumbent felt constrained to yield. It is gratifying to note that attendance on divine ordinances continues to improve; and that the Sunday offerings, as well as the contributions for general Church purposes, evince a deeper interest in the prosperity of the parish. Laus Deo!

NEW WESTMINSTER.

John Dart, D.D., Bishop, New Westminster. Kamloops.—We regret to record the death of Mrs. Flewelling, wife of Rev. Ernest P. Flewelling, Vicar of Kamloops. She had been an invalid for some years. The funeral service was conducted by Archdeacon Pentreath, Nov. 14th.

Vancouver.—Rev. I. Irvine, rector of St. Michael's church has resigned, to take effect

ers and hymns suited to the occasion, to set apart the building to the service of Almighty God, and invoking a special blessing on the clergy, who might officiate herein, and on all the worshippers who gathered together to take part in prayer, and supplication and thanksgiving to their Heavenly Father in this church, now and henceforth specially dedicated and set apart to His service under the name of St. Barnabas' church. The usual morning service was then proceeded with. The Rev. H. H. Gowen, our first rector, and now of Trinity, Seattle, U. S., read the lessons and preached the sermon. The earnest and eloquent words of the preacher deserve a much more lengthy notice than our space will here permit. He spoke of the foundations of the Church, and of the living stones which entered into its early composition when St. Barnabas' was yet a mission church, lauding the late Bishop Silitoe's work in the diocese, and which this early mission was a part. The Rev. D. Irwin had also an earnest share in this field, when eight persons met here for worship. Other clergy and steadfast supporters of them in the congregation, had each their part to play in those days of struggle, and now in joy we behold the completed structure, specially dedicated to the service of God. This day the key-stone of the arch, the consecration, crowning the edifice. We had cause for joy. The foundations of the Church had been well and

attained. From poetry, and from science, and from Holy Writ, and from a vast field of knowledge the preacher drew illustrations to prove the buoyant hopefulness of Christian work, which must eventually be crowned with glory. We might lend a hand to aid the work, and we would pass away, but others take our place, and the work goes on. Good can yield only good, and all else is but chaff and stubble to be consumed and perish.

The Annual Parish Tea.—On Monday evening the parish and its friends (which are many), sat down to tables in the parish room, which had been loaded with delicacies and many things substantial, in variety to suit all tastes. The ladies of St. Barnabas, who provided the feast, evidently know the methods which produce the smile which comes of inward satisfaction. A buzz of animated conversation to the accompaniment of steaming urns and clinking china, carried the hours from 6 up to nearly 8, as new visitors came to occupy the seats vacated by earlier arrivals. Then the tables were cleared and the chairs were collected in the body part of the room, a white screen was stretched across the stage, and some shadowgrams were displayed to the assemblage. The first was a hair-dressing scene. The shadows were so distinct that the features of both tonsorial artist and victims were clearly recognizable, and the gestures and actions of the shadows convulsed the young

lives with laughter. The scene changes, and the Prince and Cinderella are thrown upon the screen. One lady takes another's seat while the Prince on bended knee applies the slipper to her lady foot. Each lady taking her place with a confident air of being the one to suit the slipper and the Prince and each in turn to find the slipper is too small, whereupon she tosses her head in disgust and throws the slipper at the Prince and departs, but Cinderella is found at last, the slipper fits, and the shadows pass. The rector then called on Rev. H. H. Gowen to address the audience. Mr. Gowen ascended the platform amid a round of applause from his old parishioners and friends. The rev. gentleman spoke in his usual felicitous style, blending instruction, benediction and humor. He spoke of the pleasure of past labour amongst us and said it was very pleasing to him to see that the work begun was going on in so eminently satisfactory a manner. He felt that the work was in able and energetic hands, and could sincerely congratulate us upon the leader we had to direct and carry us on. He felt that he could come here to learn many little things, which he would try to carry into effect when he went back to his own congregation. It was a great pleasure to him to be so near us, and to feel he was still in touch with us, and hoped it might be his privilege many times to meet us at these annual gatherings. To give even a satisfactory outline of the rev. gentleman's speech would occupy more space than is at our disposal here. He resumed his seat amidst enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Leberry favoured the audience with a song, the rector playing her accompaniment. Rev. A. Shildrick was next called on by the rector, and said although he had very warmly responded to the kind invitation to be present at our gathering, he did not know he would be called on to make a speech, and did not come prepared.

Nevertheless he spoke very well, and in kind and commendatory terms of both clergy and parishioners present, and referred in touching terms to his connection with us after the great fire, and said that some of the pleasantest moments of his work in the ministry were experienced during that time. Mr. Gaudin contributed a song in fine form. Mr. Roe came on with a comic song and elicited roars of laughter, calling for an encore, which proved equally mirth provoking. Mr. Roe's acting is in full sympathy with the words of his songs, which makes them very taking with an audience. Rev. H. Dorrell next addressed the gathering, and told us something of his parish work, and congratulated St. Barnabas' people on their prosperous condition. The evening was now far gone, and the rector called on the meeting to rise and sing the National Anthem, and the audience dispersed after a very successful social gathering.

## KOOTENAY.

John Dart, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop in Charge. Golden.—Rev. C. E. Yates was inducted to St. Paul's parish, Nov. 18th, by the Archdeacon of Columbia. Mr. Yates and his family have been most kindly received by the people, and the prospects are very encouraging. On the following day, the Archdeacon met a number of the representative men of the congregation, and arrangements were made to build a parsonage in the spring.

Windermere.—Owing to the annihilation of Donald on the main line of the C.P.R., by the removal of the division and repair shop to Revelstoke, St. Peter's church, Donald, was carefully taken down, and removed to Windermere, on the

Columbia river. Here it was re-erected, and it was opened recently. This place with Athelmar, Canterbury and Peterboro, is a new district awaiting a projected railway from Fort Steele to Golden. Rev. E. A. St. George Smyth is acting as lay reader.

Revelstoke. Rev. C. A. Proemier, M.D., the new Vicar, was inducted by the Archdeacon on the 21st. The tower of the church has been completed, and improvements made in the Vicarage.

## Correspondence.

## CHURCH MUSIC.

Sir.—In a recent number of your valuable paper a correspondent speaks of Gregorian music as "the Church's ancient and lovely and only orthodox music." It is impossible to allow a statement like this to pass without comment. Many good men and orthodox Christians regard Gregorian music as a mere crude beginning of sacred song. They are quite willing, however, that those who like it should have it. But there is something monstrous in the notion that all the great musicians of (say) the Anglican church—to go no further—should be placed outside the pale of orthodoxy. This merely by way of protest. MUSICUS.

## THE READING OF THE SERVICE.

Sir.—Archdeacon Jones' paper in issue of Nov. 20, on the above subject gives to us clergy useful and timely hints on a most important matter, to which we may all well give heed, whether we consider ourselves to be transgressors or no. At a

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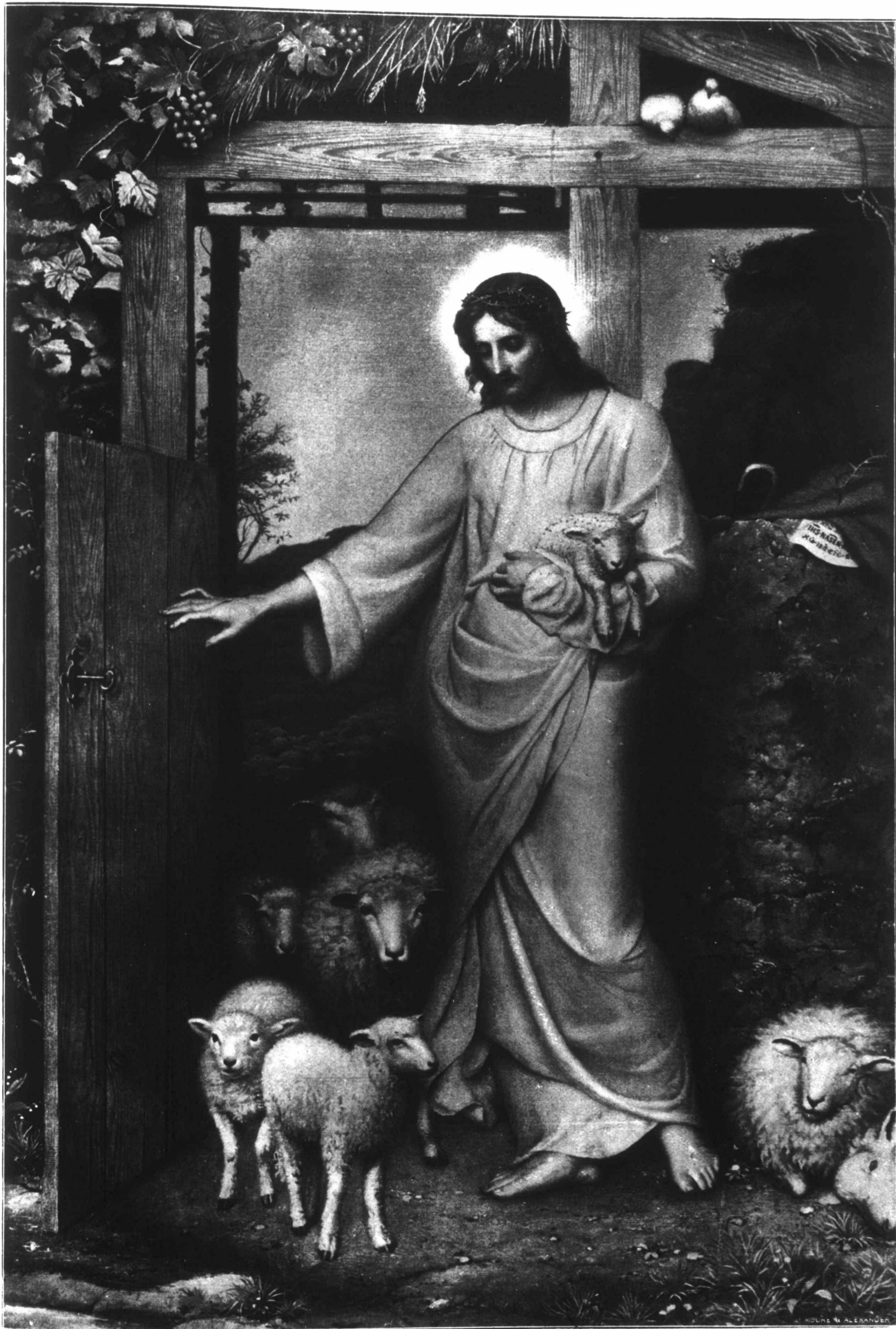
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THE DOOR OF THE FOLD.



clerical meeting should some time see the Prayers were read several times, in a hurried and almost slipshod fashion. Perhaps, if we who noticed this had been doing the duty our mistakes would have been equally apparent. This is not surprising. A clergyman goes on saying the service Sunday after Sunday in his parish without having the advantage of suggestions or kind criticisms, and he imperceptibly drops into carelessness or other bad habits, which gradually become settled. The clergyman is so accustomed himself to both the letter and the spirit of the service that he readily enters into it, even if it be read quickly. But what about those whom he is supposed to lead? People are not always able to comprehend or express a truth quickly, and if they stop to think (which is surely pardonable) they are out of the headlong race altogether. "Sir, you compel me to be a heretic," said one of our most intelligent members to her clergyman; "I can never say all the Articles in the Creed within the time given." A devout Churchwoman, who travelled for over two months in the Maritime Provinces last summer, and regularly attended the services at different points, said that she only once heard the Lord's Prayer said slowly enough to be intelligently followed—and that was in a Presbyterian Church (there being no Anglican services held in that place). In the far West, we are told, the service is "despatched" with even greater speed than in the East. All this may suit the hurry of the times, but does it accord with the tranquil spirit of the kingdom of God or the needs of its subjects? Is it not a case in which "he that believeth shall not make haste?" Let us beware lest, instead of truly leading our people in true prayer, we thoughtlessly, but none the less effectively, interpose between their souls and that God whom we all desire they should serve acceptably. CLERICUS.

#### THE NEEDS OF ALGOMA.

Sir.—I wish to express my sincere gratitude for your sympathetic and timely note on the needs of Algoma. I need hardly say such words as you have published cheer and encourage me greatly. There is no question that a great future lies before the hitherto despised and neglected region embraced in the Diocese of Algoma.

#### DAUGHTERS OF THE KING.

Sir.—Is it not passing strange so few of our clergy know anything of the "Church's" order for the advancement of Christianity amongst young women. Why will not some of those, especially in cities and towns, have Chapters of the "Daughters of the King" in connection with their other work. We are so often quite ready to blame our young people for going with the "mixed" multitude to one society after another, but is it not all our own fault. There is a similar society to this, but it is not the Church society yet we encourage it, and ignore our own society. Miss Downie, Watford, Ont., is I believe, president for Canada of "Daughters of the King."

CHURCHMAN.

#### CONCERNING PSALM 119.

Sir.—If such a talented and accomplished lady as the late Mrs. Moon-Parker—who passed away very suddenly on the festival of All Saints—was always conscious of a feeling akin to impatience when portions of this wonderful Psalm happened to be appointed for the day, the reason is not far to seek, viz., because the characteristic of the whole as a unit was overlooked. As it happened, your correspondent was privileged to visit Mr. and Mrs. Moon-Parker the very day before the end came, and subsequently her husband showed him a few pencil notes, that his wife had left recorded, which were somewhat as follows: Psalm 119 should be regarded as a unit, and the keyword to the whole is to be found in verse 54; the following fifteen

Psalms are also to be viewed as Pilgrim Psalms; your correspondent had dwelt especially on the memorable words—"the Lord shall preserve thy going out," etc., and the significant words were left on record, possibly it will be "alone." The late Mrs. Moon-Parker was the daughter of an Oxfordshire Vicar, and a descendant of the great Bishop Latimer. She died in Montreal, far away from home, at the age of 45, beloved and lamented by a large circle of friends. L. S. T.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY WANTED.

Sir.—We have no library in our Sunday school and have not at present the means to procure one. This is a new mission. Our people have built a church, and are working nobly to pay for it. Will not some friends kindly send us some new or second hand books to start a library? The gift would be greatly appreciated. I will pay the carriage myself. REV. H. BEACHAM.

Trail, B.C., Diocese of Kootenay.

#### CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The meadows are brown, the hills are all bare,  
And up through the valley the clear, crisp air  
Is singing a Christmas song;  
Like the song of the sea in the purple shell,  
If we list to its notes it will sweetly tell  
The secret it's kept so long.

It tells of a time so sunny and fair  
When we watched the clouds of the snowy air,  
For the reindeer's tiny form;  
And saw in our dreams such pictures of light,  
As we lay through the hours of the long, dark  
night,  
Away from the clouds and storm.

Such pictures as glow in fairy tales  
When told at the hour that daylight pales  
And the crimson west grows gray,  
When we list for the chime of tiny bells  
That are hung in the shade of haunted dells  
And are rung by goblin and fay.

It rings on the heart a tearful change,  
Of a darkened time, so sad, so strange,  
When our dreams had lost their light,  
It whispers and sings to the leafless trees,  
Our secrets that sigh in every breeze  
Till the day wears into the night.

O Christmas chimes! Ye are merry and sad,  
Ye wound the heart and ye make it glad,  
With the music your ringing makes;  
And the weary heart that has dreamed so long  
Takes up the thread of the broken song  
And sings till it, quivering, breaks.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following books have just been received from the publishers, Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Dart & Co., 3 Paternoster Buildings, London, England. They are in the office of the Canadian Churchman, for inspection:

"For Quiet Moments," from the published and unpublished writings of the Right Rev. G. H. Wilkinson, D.D., Bishop of St. Andrew's, by J. H. Burn, B.D. Price, 2s. 6d.

"The Epistle of St. James," by James Adderley. Price, 2s. 6d.

"The Little Lives of the Saints," by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, and illustrated by Charles Robinson. Price, 2s. 6d.

"Handfuls," by the Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M.A. Price, 2s. 6d.

"Church Work in British Columbia," by the Rev. Herbert H. Gowen, F.R.G.S.

"The White Stone," by H. C. MacIlwaine, illustrated by G. D. Rowlandson. Price, 6s.

"The Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights," by Mary Macleod. Price, 6s.

#### A TIMELY WORD FOR CHRISTMAS.

Nature will destroy. Man's work is to restrain, to correct, to repair. In every dead thing nature straightway develops means of removal. When life goes out of the body, the body itself soon disappears. When character is dead, alcohol and lust, hate, jealousy, idleness, or violence rush in to kill the body. If character does not survive and increase in the earth, neither will man thrive and multiply there. Nature will do her part. She will dispose of the morally dead as she does of the physically dead. Our work is to supplement her labour by striving constantly to swell the proportion of mankind that is fit to live and do the world's work. That we do when we promote true religion, sound education, and good government, and procure the enforcement of just laws which protect human life and property and freedom, and defend society from its enemies. If we are of comparatively sound minds and bodies, and may reasonably hope to make our journey through life without moral disaster, it is not all, not nearly all, an exploit of our own. The bigger part of it is debt, owed to our forbears and to God, and to be paid to the world, and those who come after us. If we are not paying that debt we have no reason to take pride in our honesty. If we do not feel that we owe it, then truly it is not so large as it might be, for we are not especially creditable products of civilization.

We do owe it. To further peace on earth and give constant and practical evidence of good-will to men is not munificence on our part, but mere part payment of what we owe. It is a debt we cannot neglect with impunity. To pay it intelligently is to help ourselves as well as others. To neglect it is to invite sure reprisals, which, even if we seem to escape them ourselves, can be depended on to search out our posterity.

—The universal observance of Christmas Day is one of the Church's victories over denominationalism.

—Her work now is to preserve the day as a great religious Feast; to guard it from the influences of the world, which would turn it into a season of licentiousness, or regard it wholly from the standpoint of temporal gain.

—To many weary toilers in stores, etc., it is a time, not of rejoicing and enjoyment, but of long working hours, endangering health and life.

—Let shoppers feel for the employees of the shops, buy their presents in time, and discourage the keeping open of the stores in the evenings.

—Endeavour to make others happy by expecting nothing and seeking nothing for yourself. This is the Christian spirit; nay more, it is the only true Christmas spirit. "He that loseth his life shall find it."



CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh Saviour, Whom this holy morn  
Gave to our world below,  
To mortal want and labour born,  
And more than mortal woe!

Incarate Word, by every grief,  
By each temptation tried,  
Who lived to yield our ills relief  
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed  
In dangerous wealth we dwell,  
Remind us of Thy manger bed  
And lowly cottage cell!

If pressed by poverty severe  
In envious want we pine,  
O may the Spirit whisper near  
How poor a lot was thine!

Through fickle fortune's various scene  
From sin preserve us free,  
Like us, Thou hast a mourner been  
May we rejoice with Thee!

—Bishop Reginald Heber.

CHARITY.

"Charity, like the dew from heaven, falls gently on the drooping flowers in the stillness of night. Its refreshing and revivifying effects are felt, seen, and admired. It flows from a good heart, and looks beyond the skies for approval and reward. It never opens, but seeks to heal, the wounds inflicted by misfortune. It never harrows up, but strives to calm the troubled mind." Charity is another name for disinterested love—the humane, sympathetic feeling — that which seeks the good of others; that which would pour out from the treasures of its munificence gifts of good things upon all. It is that feeling that gave the world a Howard, a Fenelon, a Fry. It is that feeling which leads on the reformer, which inspires the philanthropist, which blesses, and curses not.

It is the good Samaritan of the heart. It is that which thinketh no evil and is kind, which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. It is the angel of mercy, which forgives seventy times seven, and still is rich in the treasures of pardon. It visits the sick, soothes the pillow of the dying, drops a tear with the mourner, buries the dead, cares for the orphan. It delights to do offices of good to those cast down, to relieve the suffering of the oppressed and distressed, to proclaim the Gospel to the poor. Its words are more precious than rubies; its voice is sweeter than honey; its steps as gentle as love. Whoever would be respected and beloved, whoever would be useful and remembered with pleasure when life is over, must cherish this virtue. Whoever would be truly happy and feel the real charms of goodness, must cultivate this affection. It becomes, if possible, more glorious when we consider

its nature and extent of its objects. It is a blessing to the world of suffering, deep as the depths of sorrow, extensive as the wants of creation, and boundless as the kingdom of need. Its spirit is the messenger of peace, holding out to quarreling humanity the flag of truce. It is needed everywhere, in all times and places, in all trades, professions, and callings of profit and honour which men can pursue. In the home and church there is too often a lack of charity; it should be considered as a sacred duty to cultivate it long and well, to exercise it daily, and to guard well its growth. The peace and happiness of the world depend greatly upon it. Nothing gives a sweeter charm to youth than an active charity, a disposition kind to all. Who can properly estimate the powers and sweetness of an active charity? He who carries ever with him the spirit of boundless

country to put his affairs in order, and to bid his friends farewell. I know that he will come back, as he promised, for he is a man who has never broken his word. But if he is not here on the day which you have set, then I will die in his stead." The tyrant was surprised that anybody should make such an offer. He at last agreed to let Pythias go and gave orders that the young man Damon should be shut in prison. Time passed, and by and by the day drew near which had been set for Pythias to die; and he had not come back. The tyrant ordered the jailer to keep close watch upon Damon and not let him escape. He still had faith in the truth and honour of his friend. He said, "If Pythias does not come back in time, it will not be his fault. It will be because he is hindered against his will." At last the day came and then the very hour. Damon was ready to die. His trust in his friend was as firm as ever; and he said that he did not grieve at having to suffer for one whom he loved so much. Then the jailer came to lead him to his death; but at the same moment Pythias stood in the doorway. He had been delayed by storms and shipwrecks, and he had feared that he was too late. He greeted Damon kindly, then gave himself into the hands of the jailer. He was happy because he had come in time, even though it was at the last moment. The tyrant was not so bad that he could not see good in others. He felt that men who loved and trusted each other as did Damon and Pythias, ought not to suffer unjustly. And so he set them both free. "I would give all my wealth to have one such friend," he said.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

charity to man often does good when he knows not of it.

A FAMOUS STORY RETOLD.

A young man, whose name was Pythias, had done something which the tyrant Dionysius did not like. For his offense he was dragged to prison, and a day was set when he should be put to death. His home was far away, and he wanted very much to see his father and mother and friends before he died. "Only give me leave to go home and say good-bye to those whom I love," he said, "and then I will come back and give up my life." The tyrant laughed at him. "How can I know that you will keep your promise?" he said. "You only want to cheat me and save yourself." Then a young man, whose name was Damon, spoke and said: "Oh, king! put me in prison in place of my friend Pythias, and let him go to his own

CHRISTMAS BOOKS, BOOKLETS AND CALENDARS.

We have received from the Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto, an assortment of beautiful books, suitable for Christmas presents, as well as a great variety of handsome Christmas calendars, varying in price from five cents and upwards. They are of every imaginable novelty, suitable for ladies and gentlemen; they are particularly unique, and are sure to please the fancy of everyone.

—We should cultivate the habit of thankfulness to God for our daily blessings. Every man who is in good health and in the enjoyment of all his faculties should spend much time on his knees in thanksgiving to a loving heavenly Father. Let us not forget also to be thankful for our daily food, and for a place on which to lay our heads at night. All these blessings come from God.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

"Christ is here, Christ is here!"  
 The angels tell us "Christ is here!"  
 In our hearts we trace  
 The story of His grace  
 Seven days through that precious Lent  
 We'll prepare us to repent,  
 That in Lent we may begin  
 Earnestly to mourn for sin  
 Holy Week and Easter then  
 Tell Who died and rose again;  
 On that happy Easter Day  
 "Christ is risen again," we say  
 Yes; and Christ ascended, too,  
 To prepare a place for you,  
 So we give Him special praise  
 After those great forty days  
 Then He sent His Holy Ghost  
 On the Day of Pentecost,  
 With us ever to abide;  
 Well may we keep Whitsuntide  
 Last of all we humbly sing,  
 Glory to our God and King  
 Glory to the One in Three,  
 On the feast of Trinity

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We have a very superior class of illustrations this year in the Christmas number of the Canadian Churchman, and would particularly draw the attention of our readers to the pictures, "The Door of the Fold," and "Morta al mondo," published by the Soule Co., Boston. Photographs of these pictures can be purchased at A. Peterson's Art Store (who is agent for them), corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets, Toronto.

—Sin would not be so deadly if the devil could not wear a mask.

THE HOUSEHOLD CHRISTMAS GIFT

More than five solid years of Christmas days since the Star of Bethlehem began to shimmer! What a radiant cluster of throne-white gems in the circle of Christian ages they would make! But we want them just as they are—strewn, one a year, along the lines of our lives. Like the well and the palm in the desert, there are places where pilgrims call a halt, and unburden, and lie down to pleasant dreams, and rise up with sweeter memories, truer hopes, fresher strength, nobler aspiration, and tenderer humanity.

Whoever does not feel angels in the air on Christmas Eve, though he may not see the shining of their wings, has too little imagination to obey the Golden Rule. To be younger and happier for the day we must be like them of whom the Saviour said:

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Christmas is children's day. Little and big let us all, for twenty-four hours a year, be children, every one. The first Christmas gifts brought to the babe in the far-away village, who was not born in a human dwelling, were "gold, frankincense and myrrh." They were the offerings of the wise men in the East. But there have been wiser men and richer gifts since then; faith in things unseen; hope that wakens through the night, impatient for the morning; love that casteth our fear. It is not wrath but love that makes us brave to dare, to do, to suffer; and fortitude is the sublimest of courage.

Miles Standish, belted and booted, striding forth with his stout heart and sword to the savage "front," was valiant; but the Pilgrim women, shivering around their cabin fires, strong to suffer, and waiting serene and patient for Christmas, stood there in that long-gone December, the New World's guardian angels of the virtues of mankind.

BUYING CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Mr. M. M. Fenwick, president of the Publishers' Syndicate, Limited, Toronto, who has been on a buying trip for Christmas goods to New York and Boston, returned to the city last week. He has made extensive purchases of novelties and new publications, selecting the choicest from the beautiful productions of the great American houses, and it may be expected that the charming store of the Publishers' Syndicate, in King street East, will contain an assortment such as has never been seen in Canada. The goods have already been forwarded, and many of them will be in stock to-day.

We shall have a happier Christmas for ourselves, if we have helped to make a little joy for others. We give presents to our friends—and that is right; but if we would get the richest blessing from our giving, we must remember also someone who really needs our gift; feeding some hungry one, or sending clothing to one who is shivering with cold. This is giving that is more blessed than receiving.

The world needs men to live truth far more than it needs them to discover it.

**Moore & Alexander**

Designers and Engravers

16 ADELAIDE ST W. TORONTO

THE ENGRAVINGS IN THIS BOOK ARE SAMPLES OF OUR WORK.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

All hail, O Lord of love!  
The sweet bells chime Thy birth;  
The echoes float above,  
And, pealing through the earth,  
The Psalm of praise is ringing wide,  
O Lord of holy Christmas tide!

Let young and old rejoice!  
The blessed Yule is here;  
Let every happy voice  
Be tuned to carols clear!  
O! Thou for Whom earth's found to home—  
Our souls cry out: "Come, Saviour, come!"

JUST LIKE A STORY-BOOK.

By Juliana Conover.

It was Christmas Eve, and everyone was hurrying and scurrying trying to get ready for Christmas. Even the snow-flakes, as they fell, seemed to be in a hurry, as if the weather clerk up in the clouds was saying: "It must be a white Christmas, and I have only twelve hours more to cover the streets and fields and trees in." So if we want to tell the story that is "Just Like a Story-Book," we must hurry, too.

In a narrow, dark, dirty alley-way, up three flights of rickety stairs, in a room with no carpet, very little furniture, and no fire; two children were sitting on the floor working. One is a tall girl of fourteen, the other about seven. They are making paper flowers—a strange occupation for a cold winter's day.

"I'm so hungry, so hungry," little Tessa says. Poor child, she has said it so often, and still there is no bread.

"Soon we will have something," Anita answers. "See, Tessa, how beautiful my flowers grow. When the bunch is finished, we can go out and sell it, and get bread."

"It's so cold out," Tessa is almost crying—"and poor Nita has no shoes."

"Never mind, if we sell all the flowers we can make more, and maybe I can buy shoes. Remember it's Christmas time, Tessa; people are kind and will buy, for the angels are singing 'good-will to men, good-will to men.'"

"Maybe the Christmas angel will help us find sister," little Tessa said, eagerly, but Nita shook her head. She had worn out her shoes looking for "sister" all over the strange, big city. It was such a sad, little story. When the Italian mother died, six months before, their half-sister wrote to her father begging him to come to her with the two children. She was a milliner and had a little shop and house. She knew that her

father had lost all his money, and had grown very poor, so she wanted to help take care of her step-sisters. Her father wrote that he was coming, but she never knew that he had died on the way, and that the two children were all alone in a bare room. A kind-hearted man had gotten for them, and that they had wandered for days and, like little Gretchen, in the German poem, "up and down the street," looking for the sister they had never seen, and whose address they did not know. They didn't think of asking a policeman to try and find her, they only prayed to God, and hoped, as little Tessa said, that the Christmas angel would help them. Will he, I wonder?

Now let us peep into a room in another house, a nice large house on a square. The room is large, too, and oh, so comfortable and pretty—easy chairs and warm rugs and an open fire blazing and crackling. Bessie Carroll is jumping up and down in front of the window. She sang:



WHICH ONE WILL YOU HAVE?

"The snow lay on the ground,  
The stars shone bright  
When Christ our Lord was born  
On Christmas night."

"It's going to be such a Christmassy Christmas, Helen. Old Santa Claus can really come in a sleigh instead of pretending."

"Pretending," laughed Helen. "Pretending, you mean." She was eight and Bessie was only six. "If you don't hurry and get dressed, Bessie, we can't go out, 'cause the snow will get too deep."

"What makes you go out such a day?" asked nurse.

"Why, Annie Sullivan, don't you know we haven't done the most important thing for Christmas yet: we haven't gotten our Christ-Child present."

"Your what?"

"I'll explain, Bessie," said Helen, stopping in the task of buttoning up her gaiter. "One time when I was in Germany for Christ-

mas, Annie, I was very little, only five, and mamma had told me about the Christ-Child giving us all our presents—the way He does to the little German children; and I cried and cried because I had nothing to give Him. Then mamma said if I gave the porter's little girl something, it would be giving it to the Christ-Child, 'cause 'inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' I didn't understand what it meant then, but of course I do now."

"So do I," broke in Bessie, "'cept just 'inasmuch.'"

"Well, anyway, I gave the porter's little girl my doll, and she was so pleased, and every year since, I've given a present to the Christ-Child, and I try to make it my nicest present. We save up our own money for it. Bessie and I have each saved up two dollars and—"

"Ready, chicks?" asked Mrs. Carroll, opening the door. "In a minute," they both cried; and in less than a minute they were running down the stairs and out of the door into the snow-storm.

"Isn't it exciting not to know who our Christ-Child is," said Helen, as they turned into the street where the big shops were; "but just to choose the very poorest-looking little boy or girl we see. Perhaps the angels whisper to us who to choose."

"O Helen! look at those two little girls," cried Bessie, clutching her arm and pointing across the street. "See how thin their dresses are, and the big one hasn't any

shoes. O, mamma, please can't they be our Christ-Child?"

"But we haven't looked at all hardly," remonstrated Helen.

"And see, the little one's crying," Bessie cried, pulling her sister's arm. "Oh, we must choose them!"

She almost dragged her mother across in her eagerness.

"Please buy, only twenty-five cents," said the big girl holding up a bunch of artificial flowers.

"I'll buy them," said Helen taking the flowers; "and, and—where do you live and what's your name?"

"Nita Rigglo," she answered, "and this is Tessa."

"What!" exclaimed the two little girls in a breath. "O, Mamma! Mamma! do you hear? Do you think they can really be Agnes' lost sisters?"

(Continued on page 779).

## TIPS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

**Shredded Wheat.**—Dr. Charles J. Marvin, writing editorially in the American Journal of Health, says: "We take pleasure in directing attention to a product which recently came within the scope of our investigations, and whose purity, high quality, and wholesomeness entitle it to mention among the few food products worthy of the hygienist's unstinted praise. Reference is had to the shredded whole wheat biscuit which is offered by the Cereal Machine Company, of Worcester, Massachusetts. If all food articles were as commendable as this, the work of the hygienist would be considerably lessened, and the fees of physicians would be reduced to a minimum; but, unfortunately, the markets are flooded with cheaply made, low-grade articles, which, if not actually adulterated (which is too often the case), yet are so deficient in nutritiousness and quality as to render them objects of suspicion to the sanitarian. But few food articles can successfully pass the analytical tests of the skilled analyst, few win the commendation of the physician; but the medical man and the hygienic scientist can join in common praise of the shredded whole wheat biscuit."

**Mince-meat for Pies.**—One pound of shredded suet, one and one-half pounds each of seeded raisins and cleaned currants, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, one-half of a cupful of molasses, three pints of

crushed tart apples, one pint of chopped beef, one pint of the liquor in which the meat was cooked or the same quantity of good beef stock, one heaping tablespoonful of salt, one cupful of brandy, one-half of a cupful of wine, the grated rind and strained juice of one orange and one lemon, four teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of mace, one-half of a pound of citron. For those who do not care to use liquor, cider in the same proportion may be substituted. Put all except the cider or liquor and suet into a large kettle and stew slowly until the apples and fruit are very tender. When cold, add the other ingredients and put away in stone or glass jars.

**English Plum Pudding.**—Nine eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound of chopped suet, one pound stoned raisins, one pound of dried currants, one-quarter pound of dried citron, one pound of flour, one tablespoonful of mixed spice. Add sufficient milk to mix it quite stiff. Have a strong cloth, well floured, ready, and in tying it leave plenty of room for it to swell. Put it into boiling water and let it boil nine hours, keeping it well covered. Sauce to suit the taste. This one is the most used: Two quarts of milk, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch. Leave out enough milk to moisten the corn starch, sugar and butter to a thick batter, and pour into the

rest of the milk when boiling. Let it cook three minutes.

**To Serve the Christmas Pudding.**—Turn the hot pudding out on a heated platter and in the top stick a sprig of holly. Dip half a dozen lumps of sugar in alcohol and place round the base of the pudding. Touch a lighted match to each lump, carry quickly to the table, and place before the hostess.

**Lemon Sauce.**—Two cups hot water, one cup sugar, three heaping teaspoonfuls cornstarch, grated rind and juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful butter; boil the water and sugar five minutes, and add the cornstarch, wet in a little cold water; cook eight or ten minutes, and add the lemon rind and juice, and the butter, stir until butter is melted and serve at once; if the water boils away, and the sauce becomes too thick, add more hot water till of the right consistency.

**Calf's-Foot Jelly.**—Take one pair of calf's feet, and put them into a gallon of water; let it boil half away and skim constantly; strain it when cold; take the fat from the top and bottom; then warm it; add sugar, the juice of three lemons, a pint of Maderia wine, and the whites of seven eggs; boil it half an hour, strain through a flannel bag, and cool in moulds.

**Almond Icing.**—The whites of three eggs, one cupful of pounded blanched almonds, three-quarters of a pound of pulverized sugar and a little almond extract.

## EVERYBODY'S



## BIRTHRIGHT



Read from the pen of the busiest man in the world—a man who attributes his present splendid business success to his present splendid health:—

"From the most abject physical wreck I have succeeded, by the use of naturally organized food, in reorganizing my body into perfectly healthy conditions. I use no other bread or cereal product than SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT, and dishes made from these biscuits. I am fifty-six years of age and feel younger than I did 20 years ago."

H. D. PERKY, Worcester, Mass.

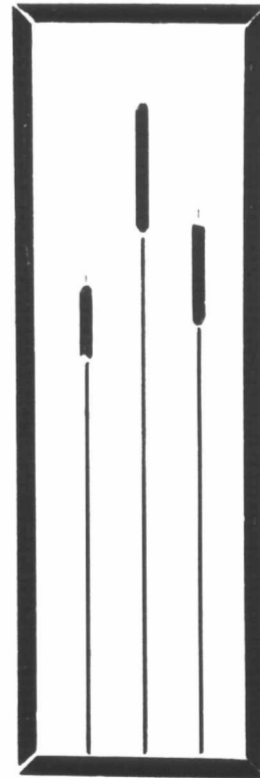
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Shredded Wheat for Sale by all Grocers.

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## To Our Readers



WE ASK our readers before making their purchases to kindly look through our advertising columns with a view of purchasing from those houses who advertise with us, and when writing or ordering please mention THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

FRANK WOOTTEN,  
Publisher and Proprietor

Let it cook  
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Touch a  
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flannel bag,  
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"Agnes! Agnes! do you know Agnes?" screamed Nita, clasping Mrs. Carroll's arm. "Oh, dear lady, help us find her, we are starving, Tessa and I."

It took only a few minutes to explain. Agnes Rigglo had worked for years for Mrs. Carroll, and they knew all about "Nita and Tessa," the two little half-sisters, who were coming to live with her. And to think that the Christ-Child present should have led to this!

"Oh, isn't it exciting! Isn't it just like a story-book!" the two little girls kept exclaiming, all the way to the milliner's, as Nita and Tessa told their story. Everything was forgotten now, the hardships, the sadness—for they had found "sister," and they would have a Christmas Day such as they had never had before.

I wish we had time to tell about the meeting, some day Helen and Bessie will tell you.

"It was the Christmas angel brought us to sister," Nita and Tessa say.

"It was the Christ-Child," said Helen and Bessie; and they danced all the way home, singing carols and wondering whether any present that they would get could be as nice as this present they had given to the little milliner. "It's just like a story-book," they said for the hundredth time—"and it always happens on Christmas."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The early service in a church was just over, and the people were coming out.

As they came out, they stood shaking hands with one another and giving good wishes.

Among them was a girl of about fourteen, who looked at a lady as she came past, and then went up to her, holding out her hand, and saying, "I wish you a Happy Christmas."

The lady was a little surprised, for the girl was a stranger to her. The girl saw this, and said: "You do not know me, but I could not help speaking to you, your face looked so pleasant."

I am sure when she heard that, the lady's face was more pleasant still. I knew the girl, and I saw that she had a happy face, too.

That was all quite right, for it was Christmas morning! All should look pleasant on Christmas morning, and, I think, especially when they look at children. And children of all sorts should look pleasant, and smile as they speak to one another.

But why should they do this on Christmas Day more than on any other day?

Not simply because others do. Not because they have had a present or a pretty card that morning. Not because they are

looking forward to a treat or Christmas-tree party. These are nice things, but there must be something greater, as we say, behind them all.

Why do we have presents or trees? Why do any people try to make others happy at this time?

Because a little Child was born on Christmas Day, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine years ago.

He was born very quietly, hidden away in a stable in a little town called Bethlehem. No one, neither men, women, nor children, knew He was there at first.

But the angels knew. They saw Him when He was born, and they told it to men.

How happy the angels were at having such good news to tell, so happy that they

This is why there are pleasant faces on that day. The joy and brightness on the faces of the shepherds has never gone away. The Son of God has never been forgotten, and those who think of Him now, look as bright and happy as the shepherds did on Christmas morning so long ago.

Try and never forget that we keep Christmas Day because it is the birthday of Jesus Christ.

I think all children do not know this; and some who do know forget.

I once asked a little boy if he could tell me what happened on Christmas Day, and he said, "Yes; I had an elephant full of candy." That was all he thought of; perhaps he had never been taught about Jesus and His birthday. But children who have read this paper will know better.

How sad it would be if Christmas Day meant nothing else but candy and cards and presents! What would all the children do who had no one to give them these things? Christmas would be nothing to them.

But Christmas Day is really the same for all, rich children and poor, children with presents, or children who have none. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was born a little child for all the children in the world. All can be happy when they think of Him.

A little girl was once asked what prayers she said. I think her answer was a beautiful one, for she said, "I say the 'Our Father,' and some more prayers I know, and when I can think of nothing more to say, I look up at God and smile."

She could not do that if she were afraid, could she? But she knows that Jesus Christ was born a Child for her, and she can look and smile at God. Her little heart is glad.

I think that is like Christmas Day. God's children know that God in Heaven loves them.

They look at Him and smile, and the smile of God their Father comes back to them, and makes their faces shine.

A Happy Christmas to all the children of God.

—If we are sitting in peace and joy, our hearts are filled with sweet Christmas thoughts, we should remember those whose homes will be dark and sad to-morrow, when all over the land the bells will be ringing. Perhaps we can do little to give them comfort; but we can pray for them, and thus call down blessings upon them. For, after all, the best way to send blessings to people is through God. He has thousands of messengers, and He can always send the things of His love where we can send a kindly wish.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

began to sing—they could not help it, they must sing—and their song was, "Peace on earth." God had done wonderful things, and they praised Him; God's Son had come into the world, and all men would know that God loved them and would be happy, so their song was, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men."

Some of you will remember who the men were who first heard this song. The shepherds at Bethlehem. They heard the song, and they were the first to see the little Child. When they saw the Child, they "rejoiced with exceeding great joy." How their faces shone as they came back and told everyone what they had heard and seen! The first bright faces on Christmas Day!

The Child Who was born was Jesus Christ, and His birthday was Christmas Day.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

She came to the dressing room  
On the morning of Christmas Day,  
And demanded some holly and mistletoe  
In her little imperious way.

"I must put holly round the pictures,  
And all about the hall,  
And hang up all the mistletoe,  
And then I must kiss you all."

And so with her laden basket  
She flitted to and fro,  
And into every corner  
Did the little figure go.

But after those little footsteps  
Others were following fast,  
And soon a couple of figures  
Flitted quickly past.

And then the busy footfalls  
Halted on their way,  
And I heard a child's voice murmur,  
"Yes, Dick, it is Christmas Day."

"I must kiss you under the mistletoe,  
Like all the rest, Dick, dear,  
And I wish you a merry Christmas, Dick,  
And a very happy New Year."

REMEMBER THE POOR AT CHRISTMAS.

God rest you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power,  
When we were gone astray,  
O tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born on Christmas day.

So runs the old chant. It has been sung by children's voices for hundreds of years in the motherland, as in the gray dawn of the Christmas morn the little ones hasten to do honor to the new-born King. Old, and yet ever new, it ringeth out to day the one abiding joy, the one satisfying comfort, of man's heart. The Saviour is born; that is the good news, and because He is born, there is hope for us who have gone astray, that we shall not be held forever by Satan's power into which we have been betrayed. Nothing shall dismay us, or make us afraid: not the remembrance of our own sinful past, nor the expectation of trials and sorrows to come, for Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born upon this day.

Nay, we can be merry and glad, for the King is come who doth make us free citizens of His kingdom that abideth forever.

Come then, father and mother, leading your children by the hand to worship the King. Come then, young men and maidens, old men and children, to praise the Incarnate God, for He has lifted up our nature into the divine. He has begun the new humanity which hath conquered death and hell, and in Him we are free. O fail not to worship Him on the day which His Church for nearly nineteen hundred years has celebrated as the anniversary of His birth. O fail not on that day to offer thy Eucharist, thy thanksgiving, even as He hath ordained, for the unspeakable gift. O fail not to draw near on that day to His bountiful board that thou mayest receive the gift that He alone can bestow, the gift of Himself, of His life to be thine!

Let thou mayest be merry, then thou mayest make merry with thy children, thy neighbors, for the best gift given rest, enduring rest, to a heart that are sore troubled and afraid.

But remember, surely remember, the widow and the orphan, the friendless, the penniless, the hopeless

ones, for they, too are children of the King, though it may be they know it not. Be careful that for them, too, shall be material feast to testify the feast provided for the soul; be careful that by our loving beneficence these shall have assurance given of the love for them of the King who is born.

God bless us, every one! God give us all the joy and the comfort which Christmas comes to bring, even the assurance that Christ has been born in us the hope of glory!

THE CHRISTMAS DOINGS OF KITTY VAN CLEVE.

TOLD BY HER BROTHER.

It was Kitty who did it, but she is too bashful to tell the story, even though she could write it—and she can't, because she is still in the primer class, and it takes her an age to write her name—so I am going to put it on paper for you. Of course people oughtn't to boast of their own relations, but if you had a little sister, only six years old, mind you, who did what Kitty did, I think you'd tell it too.

Her real name is Kathryn, after mother, and great-grandmother, but she is such a queer little thing, that we children got to calling her Kitty and Kit. Mamma made us quit saying "Kit," but she lets us call her all kinds of pet names. You see there are four of us boys, and Kitty is the only girl. We tease her a good deal, and I know it's wicked, but she is such a fluffy, innocent little thing, and believes all we tell her. Tom made it up, after we came to the city, to tell her Santa Claus couldn't come to our house, because we had no chimney but the furnace chimney. The rest of us all agreed, and told her he wouldn't try that because he couldn't get out of the pipes. It was Christmas Eve. She was pretty quiet over that, and went off and sat in the corner for a long time, then she went to the library. She didn't tell any of us one word, but she made a sign for Santa Claus. We found it the next day, tacked with pins on the porch corner. I won't spell it like she did, but this is what she said:

"Mr. Santa Claus, the boys say you can't get down the furnace chimney, so I will leave the window open beside it, so you can get in anyway. I want some Christmas, please don't forget. Kitty Van Cleve."

Then she went to bed, but in the bight she woke up and wondered it he could get in all right. She had stood on a box and had pushed the window open as far as she could, but he is so fat, you know, she thought he would get stuck in it, and maybe couldn't get around to all the children's houses.

So she got up and went down stairs. First, she looked in the library to see if he had been there, and guess what she saw! There stood the Christmas tree, just like we always had found it, with some things hanging on it, and heaps piled around it. There's such a lot of us children, you know, that we must be a good deal of expense at Christmas time, (because, of course, your own father and mother are the ones who fix it all for you).

Kitty nearly said, "O-o-oh!" right out. But just in time she saw a big



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man behind the tree. You see the electric light shines in our library windows from the corner across, and makes it real light, even when only the window slats are open. Kitty thought he was Santy and watched him a minute, when lo! and behold you! (as cook always says), she saw he was taking the things off the tree and stuffing them in a bag,

Most children would have hallooed right out, but Kitty, being naturally such a still little thing, just looked a minute. Then she knew he wasn't Santy, but a nasty burglar. We boys all told her what we would have done, the next morning. I would have hit him a whack over the head with Papa's cane: Tom would have jumped on him and choked him before he knew it; Robert would have thrown open the front window and yelled, "Police!" Willie would have hallooed "Boo!" at the man and scared him so that he'd have dropped the things. Papa just got his arms around Kitty and said, "papa's little girlie did the best thing of all." She just ran like a mouse to Papa's room and told him, and he telephoned quick for the police, then he went to the bath-

room right over the furnace window and waited there. (Papa doesn't keep a revolver. He says he wouldn't shoot a man for anything, not even a bag of diamonds, I'll bet, but he thought he might scare him or identify him, or something). But the police got there first, and when the man climbed over the window they nabbed him quick. And don't you think he was a notorious burglar, and Papa got a reward, and so did the policeman. Papa put his in the bank in Kitty's name, so when she grows up she can have a good education.

They took him off to prison. Robert and Willie thought he ought to be hung. They are such little fellows they don't know. But Kitty cried, and when morning came, coaxed so hard, that mamma sent a little basket of candy and oranges to the jail, and told that they were from Kitty. And the warden said the man cried. Maybe he might not have been a bad man if he had had a good father and mother. At least that's what Mamma said, but we boys think he got just what he deserved. And we're awfully proud of Kitty. For mind you, she is only six years old.

CHRISTMAS TWICE A YEAR

Some children think that Christmas Day  
Should come two times a year.  
But that is not at all the way  
That it should be, I fear.

For in the summer Christmas trees  
Are very, very small;  
And all the games and toys one sees,  
They are not ripe at all!

The dolls are very tiny ones.  
The wagons will not go.  
The balls are littler than buns—  
It takes them months to grow!

The candy it is, O, so sour!  
The guns they will not shoot.  
There's need of many an autumn shower  
To ripen Christmas fruit!

—St. Nicholas

HIS CHRISTMAS SERMON.

An English Clergyman, author of "Undertrodden Spain," who must have listened to a considerable number of Christmas sermons—his own and other men's—declares that the best one he ever heard was preached by a woman—and in three words!

In my little parish under the sweep of the Sussex Downs, I was walking swiftly home one night, buffeted about by the gray clouds of driving rain that the fierce sou-wester swept landward from the sea, when a poor, helpless, aged woman asked me for a "trifle for a night's lodging."

Curates are supposed always to be poor. It was Christmas time, and I had just parted with my last sixpence at a lonely hamlet where work was scarce. Still I could not leave my stranger in the street, so I asked her to come with me to my lodgings.

She shambled along through the mud, with her streaming clothes and clouted boots; and we entered my little room. My thoughtful landlady had made my table ready. A plate of hot toast was standing on the fender; the kettle sang vociferously, as if impatient to be used; in front of the fire stood my slippers, backed by an easy chair.

To my surprise, my poor, worn, haggard companion raised her dripping hands, and burst into tears, with the words "Oh, what luxury!"

That was the best Christmas sermon I ever heard, and the only one I have never forgotten.

A DOG'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

Yes; a Christmas tree just for a dog, and he liked it too. Liked it, did I say? He thought it the loveliest thing he had ever seen; and barking couldn't half begin to express his feelings. His eyes, his ears, his feet, his tail, all were animated to the last degree in his vain attempt to express his rapture.

Shep's mistress didn't have any little boys and girls at her house, and I suspect that Shep got a good deal of the petting that would have belonged to them if they had been there. But it was Tina, the maid, who thought of a Christmas tree for his favored dogship. She got a tiny green tree, and set it up in a box, and hung it with popcorns and Shep's favorite candies. Then she placed it in the corner of the parlor, and Shep's mistress invited him in, and explained all about the Christ-

mas tree to him, that it was his very own. Don't you think he knew every word she said? Then why did he begin to bark with all his might and jump around the tree, and around his mistress, and race around the room as if he had lost his wits, and then go over to the tree and, sitting down beside it, put his little paws together and beg for some of the goodies this very minute—that's what his eyes said?

The tree lasted several days; for Shep's mistress dealt out the candies to him a few at a time. And how they did enjoy the fun.

That was two years ago. Last year Tina got another little tree, and dressed it up in her room where no one could see it. When she had finished it, she opened the door and came out into the hall with it in her hands intending to take it down into the parlor when no one was looking.

But a pair of sharp eyes in the lower hall spied her the minute she started; and what an excitement there was! Don't you think a dog can remember such a splendid thing as a Christmas tree a whole year? If you don't, you would have been convinced if you could have seen the rapture that was expressed in every motion of his elastic little body, as he scampered up the stairs and round and round Tina, barking with all his might, and almost upsetting her and her precious burden.

He superintended the placing of the tree in the parlor; then he rushed off post-haste to tell his mistress. She was in her room; but a frantic barking outside the door told her that something important must be attended to at once. As soon as she appeared, Shep jumped upon her in wild delight, then rushed as fast as he could back to the parlor, barking to her all the way to come quick. She followed him in, and there stood Tina and the Christmas tree.


"Why, Tina, said her mistress, I had forgotten all about it!" But Shep said "Not I!" and he suddenly sat down before it and began to beg. Wasn't that a funny thing to please a dog? This is a true story; and you may be sure that there will be another tiny tree for a merry little dog when Christmas comes again this year.

A CHRISTMAS TALK.

"I wonder if those shepherds had any little boys or girls," said Annie, leaning on mamma's knee, and thinking about the Christmas story. "If my papa had been one of them, I should have wanted him to stop and take me with him when he went to Bethlehem." "But you would have been asleep in your crib," said Jack. "It was night, you know." "And the shepherds went in haste," said mamma. "Perhaps, when it was known around Beth'lehem, some mammas went afterwards, and took their boys and girls." "How I wish I had lived then," said Annie. "But now you can read about it all, the little town, with its 'inn,' or what we call a hotel, full of people, and the bright star shining over it: inside the mother bending over the manger, where her Baby lay, and the shepherds and the wise men kneeling to look at the sweet infant

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face. "I wish there had been a beautiful room, a pretty crib, and everything lovely for such a Baby," said little Annie. "Then the very poorest and loneliest children could not have felt so sure that Jesus knew all about their troubles."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

No tramp of marching armies,  
No banners flaming far,  
A lamp within a stable,  
And in the sky a Star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness  
To earth the angels brought,  
Their *Gloria in Excelsis*  
To earth the angels taught.

When in the lowly manger  
The Holy Mother Maid  
In tender adoration  
Her Babe of Heaven laid,

No rush of hostile armies then,  
But just the huddling sheep,  
The angels singing of the Christ,  
And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,  
No legion sent afar,  
A lamp within a stable,  
And in the sky a Star.  
Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I was sitting in front of a blazing fire on Christmas Eve, thinking of the hour, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when a little Child, cradled in a manger, brought light to many a darkened home. I was roused from my dream by a tap at the door. In response to my "Come in," a little bright-eyed boy, whose clean face and well-combed hair contrasted strangely with his ragged clothes and almost bare feet, appeared and said:

"I'm so cold and hungry; won't you let me stay here?"

For a moment the vision of the Christ-child vanished, and the mother pleaded: "Think of your own little girl before you take a stranger into your home"; but it was only for a moment, for two sweet eyes looked lovingly into mine, and said,

"Muvver, Tist's little 'amb. Tome sit in my chair and worm, 'ittle boy."

The child had conquered, and I could only join in her invitation. Soon we were all three kneeling be-

fore the fire, and while I tried to bring back life to the numbed hands, my baby girl prattled:

"Oo shall be my big buyer, and wun and pay wid me all day."

As soon as the boy was warmed and fed I asked him to tell me of his life. His mother had died a few months before, leaving him nothing but an honest name and a few neatly patched clothes. For a while the poor people in the house had been kind to him, but the bitter weather and hard times had chilled their interest in a child of whom they knew little and he was turned adrift to seek food and shelter. With a brave heart for one so young, he had started on life's journey, earning a few pennies a day to pay for a scanty meal, and at night finding shelter in a deserted shed or stable on a bed of leaves or straw. Day after day he had struggled on, until the night before, when, weary and worn, he had lain down on a doorstep, little caring whether he lived or died. As he gazed into the blue sky with its myriads of twinkling stars, one seemed brighter than all the rest; it was to him the star of hope, and beyond it he seemed to hear his angel mother pleading for her boy alone in a wicked world. With a silent prayer for help, he rose and kept on his weary way, until a light in a small baker's shop attracted his attention. "Surely," he said to himself, "they will at least let me warm." So he crept in, just as a man with an armful of bundles was about to close the door, and said timidly:

"Ma'am, may I come in to the fire?"

The old woman who kept the shop answered rather crossly: "If you'll behave yourself." But little Willie soon made himself so useful that her tone changed, and handing him a bun, she said, kindly:

"You can stay all night, for it would be cruel to turn a poor child out on such a night as this."

Early the next morning he started out to work, not beg, for his daily bread, but alas! the bright morning had changed to one of the clouds, and before mid-day a blinding snow was falling fast. All who could, stayed within doors, and there were no jobs for a small boy. Still the brave, homeless child had trudged

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on, hoping that he might earn enough to get a supper and a bed. But when the darkness and dreariness of night fell upon him, hope gave place to despair, and, fright-

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ened and exhausted, he felt that he must either beg or freeze. Just then the bright lights and cheerful fire of this house shone through the open shutters, and forgetting all else except the gnawing hunger and intense cold, he entered, scarce knowing what to do or say. His courage revived at the sight of my little girl, for he thought, "A mother will not send me out to perish in the snow."

The two children played happily until bedtime, and then, as I tucked the covering around my little charge, I saw the longing in his eyes for something more than pity, and I stooped and kissed the spotless forehead. Christmas Day dawned bright and beautiful, and my little May and her adopted brother gathered around a pretty Christmas tree to divide its treasures. Just as I was about to distribute the gifts a wistful look in Willie's eyes stopped me.

"What is the matter, my boy?" burst from my lips.  
"Please may I sing?" and the sweet, pathetic voice rang through the room as with uplifted eyes he sang "Glory to God in the highest," etc.

Scarcely had the little singer ceased ere I seemed to catch the echoes of the heavenly choir chanting, "Peace on earth, good will to men," and a joy that was not born of earth filled my soul. The Christ had entered the door of my heart, and I could not close it upon one of His lambs. Henceforth the homeless and friendless little stranger was to be May's "big buvver" till he should be forever folded safe in the arms of the Good Shepherd.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

St. Stephen's Day is the day after Christmas, December 26th. Perhaps that seems strange. Such a sad day coming next to such a happy one! But this is always the way. Our happy days and our sad ones are all mixed up, and one often follows quickly on the other.

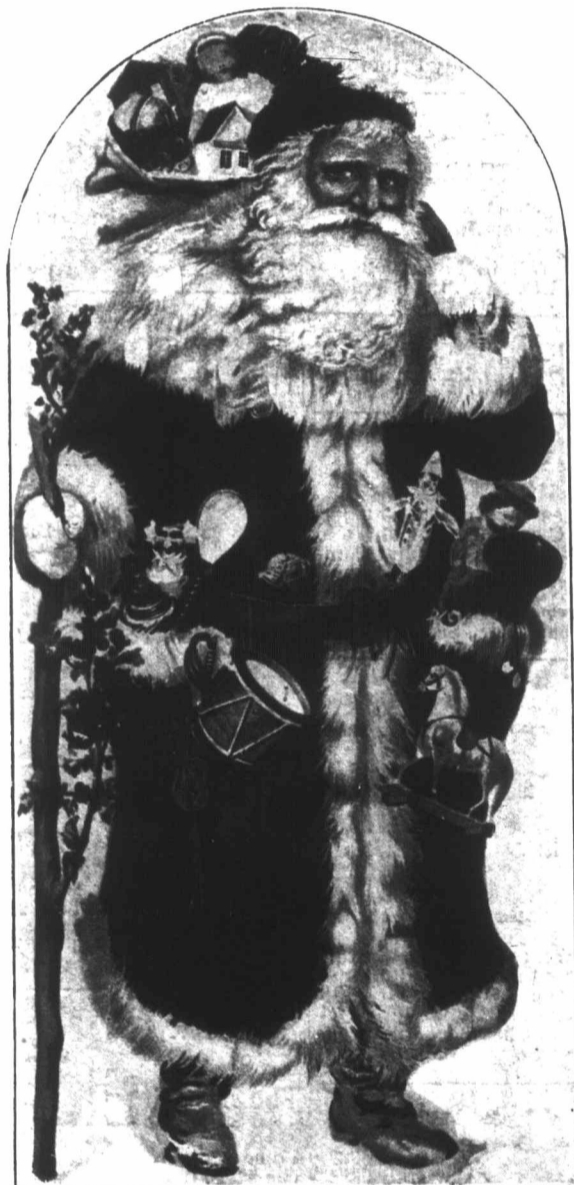
You know the story of St. Stephen's martyrdom. He was a good man, who preached about Christ to

the Jews, and the Jews hated him for it, and made up their minds to kill him, and, oh! the cruel way they did it. A number of them picked up huge stones and threw them at him till he died, all wounded and bleeding. And yet, though they were so cruel to him, he prayed for them before he died; and isn't this a lesson for us?

When people hurt us we nearly always have hard feelings towards them, and very, very seldom do what St. Stephen did for his murderers and pray for them, and yet we know we should do this.

Then, too, St. Stephen's Day teaches us not to be selfish in our Christmas joy—not to be so full of happiness that we forget how sad many of our neighbours are. And so, dear children, in your happy Christmas season, try to remember some poor little neighbors and help

family? I say the world is beginning to ask this question as it never asked it before, and it is one of the great signs of the times that Jesus wants us to see. What do you think of the man next to you, in the shop, on the street? What treatment does the girl receive who works at the humdrum toilsome life in the home, the household drudgery? How do we think of the man who toils for us in the dark and dangerous places of the earth, or the man who works out on the bus or the man who is on the railroad train; the servants of life who give away their lives in toilsome energy that we may be more comfortable and more happy? How about the great masses upon whom Jesus looked with compassion? I sometimes think that one great sign of a man's conversion is the feeling he has when he looks out on a great crowd of



YOU ALL KNOW ME.

them, too, to have joy at Christmas time.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MANKIND.

All over the world there is dawning more and more a consciousness of the brotherhood of mankind, men are beginning to ask more of others. Is he my brother? Is that my sister? Is it really true of these masses out here in the streets, men and women I do not know, I cannot know in this world—is it true that the man who works at the hardest labour, that the girl who works in the kitchen, that those who toil about us on every eand and make us more comfortable, is it true that these men and women are our brothers, our sisters, in God's great

people that he doesn't know. Do you love people? Do you love the great, dirty, disagreeable, uninteresting mass of people that flooded the cities? Do you love them as you think of them as possible redeemed souls through Christ? Then that is one indication that you are a saved man yourself. For as we go our ways we must remember friends, brothers, and sisters in the great household of God that He loves all, that more and more He is making it plain to the world that He came into the world to save, not simply the interesting people, the good-looking people, the wealthy people, the well-to-do, the well-born, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."—C. M. SHELTON, D. D.



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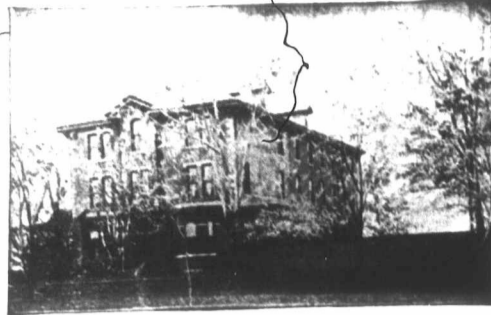
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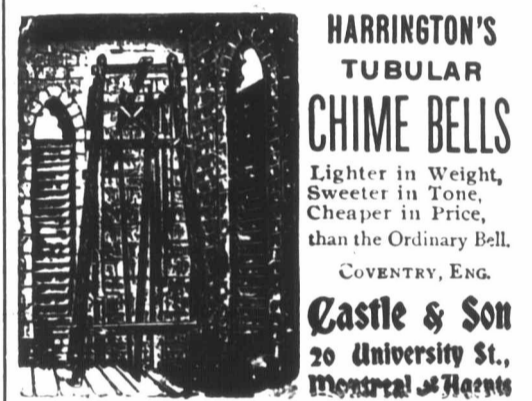
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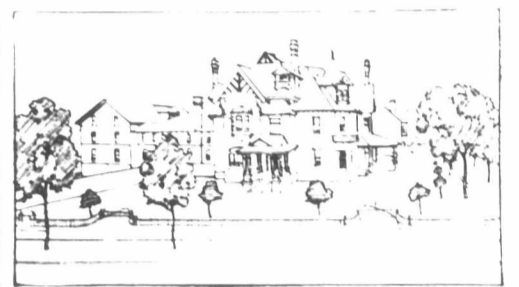
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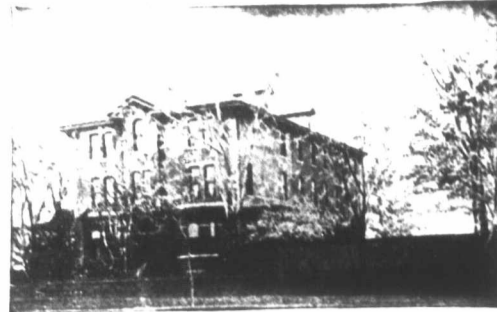
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